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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts – December 15, 1973, 50 cents

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Rationing and the Poor
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War Resisters Now – *Roger N. Williams*
The Risk of Nixon – *The Editors*
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TITLE	1956	ARTIST
1. Moonlight Gambler		Frankie Lane
2. I Walk the Line		Johnny Cash
3. Blue Suede Shoes		Elvis Presley
4. Tutti Frutti		Elvis Presley
5. Born to be With You		Cordettes
6. Go Away Little Girl		Steve Lawrence
7. I'm In Love Again		Fats Domino
8. Blueberry Hill		Fats Domino
9. Blue Monday		Fats Domino
10. Just Walking In the Rain		Johnny Ray
11. Since I Met You, Baby		Ivory Joe Hunter
12. Long Tall Sally		Little Richard
13. Love is Strange		Mickey & Sylvia
14. Why Do Fools Fall in Love?		F. Lymon/Teenagers
15. Canadian Sunset		Andy Williams
16. The Fool		Sanford Clark

TITLE	1957	ARTIST
1. Diana		Paul Anka
2. That'll Be the Day		B. Holly/Crickets
3. Oh, Boy		B. Holly/Crickets
4. Come, Go With Me		Del-Vikings
5. Whispering Bells		Del-Vikings
6. Wonderful! Wonderful!		Johnny Mathis
7. The Twelfth of Never		Johnny Mathis
8. School Day		Chuck Berry
9. Jamaica Farewell		Harry Belafonte
10. Banana Boat Song		Harry Belafonte
11. Bee-Bop Baby		Ricky Nelson
12. Stood Up		Ricky Nelson
13. Butterfly		Charlie Gracie
14. Party Doll		Buddy Knox
15. Kisses Sweeter than Wine		Jimmie Rodgers
16. Honey Comb		Jimmie Rodgers

TITLE	1958	ARTIST
1. Rave On		Buddy Holly
2. Maybe Baby		B. Holly/Crickets
3. Book of Love		Monotones
4. Happy, Happy Birthday, Baby		Tune Weavers
5. For Your Precious Love		Jerry Butler
6. Susie Darlin'		Robin Luke
7. Tears On My Pillow		Lil Anthony/Imperials
8. Summertime, Summertime		Jamies
9. Big Man		Four Preps
10. Whole Lotta Lovin'		Fats Domino
11. Sixteen Candles		Crests
12. Summertime Blues		Eddie Cochran
13. Johnny Be Goode		Chuck Berry
14. A Lover's Question		Clyde McPhatter
15. To Know Him is to Love Him		Teddy Bears
16. Lonely Teardrops		Jackie Wilson

TITLE	1959	ARTIST
1. There Goes My Baby		Drifters
2. Lonely Boy		Paul Anka
3. Put Your Head on my Shoulder		Paul Anka
4. Teenager In Love		Dion
5. Come Softly To Me		Fleetwoods
6. Mr. Blue		Fleetwoods
7. The Big Hurt		Tony Fischer
8. Teen Angel		Mark Dinning
9. Broken Hearted Melody		Sarah Vaugh
10. We Got Love		Bobby Rydell
11. Tragedy		Thomas Wayne
12. M.T.A.		Kingston Trio
13. Here Comes Summer		Jerry Keller
14. Waterloo		Stonewall Jackson
15. It Doesn't Matter Anymore		B. Holly/Crickets
16. Heartbeat		B. Holly/Crickets

TITLE	1960	ARTIST
1. Blue Angel		Roy Orbison
2. Lonely Teenager		Dion/Belmonts
3. Where or When		Dion/Belmonts
4. This Magic Moment		Drifters
5. Harlem Nocturn		Viscounts
6. Puppy Love		Paul Anka
7. Georgia On My Mind		Ray Charles
8. Chain Gang		Sam Cooke
9. Walkin' to New Orleans		Fats Domino
10. Mule Skinner Blues		Fender Men
11. Tell Laura I Love Her		Ray Peterson
12. Wild One		Bobby Rydell
13. Calendar Girl		Neil Sedaka
14. Devil or Angel?		Bobby Vee
15. Rubber Ball		Bobby Vee
16. Mr. Custer		Larry Verne

TITLE	1961	ARTIST
1. Running Scared		Roy Orbison
2. Candy Man		Roy Orbison
3. Moody River		Pat Boone
4. Spanish Harlem		Ben E. King
5. Stand By Me		Ben E. King
6. Some Kind of Wonderful		Drifters
7. Twist		Chubby Checker
8. Cupid		Sam Cooke
9. The Mountain High		Dick & DeeDee
10. Tonight		Ferante & Teicher
11. Gypsy Woman		Impressions
12. This Time		Troy Shondell
13. I've Told Every Little Star		Linda Scott
14. A Hundred Pounds of Clay		Gene McDaniels
15. Moon River		Henry Mancini
16. Raindrops		Dee Clark

TITLE	1962	ARTIST
1. Only Love Can Break a Heart		Gene Pitney
2. If I Didn't Have a Dime		Gene Pitney
3. She Cried		Jay & the Americans
4. When My Little Girl is Smilin'		Drifters
5. Up on the Roof		Drifters
6. Twistin the Night Away		Sam Cook
7. Shout		Joey Dee
8. Sealed with a Kiss		Brian Hyland
9. Torture		Kris Jensen
10. Wolverton Mountain		Claude King
11. Love Letters		Ketty Lester
12. Let's Dance		Chris Montez
13. Leah		Roy Orbison
14. Any Day Now		Chuck Jackson
15. The Night has a Thousand Eyes		Bobby Vee
16. Sheila		Tommy Roe

TITLE	1963	ARTIST
1. Surfin USA		Beach Boys
2. Hey, Baby		Bruce Channel
3. Let Your Music Play		Drifters
4. Ruby Baby		Dion
5. Donna the Prima Donna		Dion
6. Detroit City		Bobby Bare
7. Rhythm of the Rain		Cascades
8. Mean Women Blues		Roy Orbison
9. Twenty Four Hours from Tulsa		Gene Pitney
10. Man Who Shot Liberty Valance		Gene Pitney
11. More		Kai Winding
12. Silver Threads, Golden Needles		Springfields
13. Since I Fell For You		Lenny Welch
14. Puff the Magic Dragon		Peter, Paul, Mary
15. If I had a Hammer		Peter, Paul, Mary
16. Blowin in the Wind		Peter, Paul, Mary

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TITLE	1964	ARTIST
1. California Sun		Riviera
2. Fun, Fun, Fun		Beach Boys
3. Needles and Pins		Searchers
4. Comes A Little Bit Closer		Jay/Americans
5. Oh, Pretty Woman		Roy Orbison
6. Dawn		Four Seasons
7. Glad All Over		Dave Clark 5
8. Do You Love Me		Dave Clark 5
9. She's About a Mover		Sir Douglas Quintet
10. Wishin and Hopin		Dusty Springfield
11. Suspicion		Terry Stafford
12. Memphis		Johnny Rivers
13. Don't Let Sun Catch You Cryin		Gerry/Pacemakers
14. Under the Boardwalk		Drifters
15. I Believe		Bachelors
16. House of the Rising Sun		Animals

TITLE	1965	ARTIST
1. It Was a Very Good Year		Frank Sinatra
2. California Girls		Beach Boys
3. Do You Wanna Dance		Beach Boys
4. What the World Needs Now		Jackie DeShannon
5. Mrs. Brown-Lovely Daughter		Herman's Hermits
6. Baby the Rain Must Fall		Glen Yarborough
7. Five O'Clock World		Vogues
8. You Were On My Mind		We Five
9. Spanish Eyes		Al Martino
10. Down in the Boondocks		Billy Joe Royal
11. Game of Love		Wayne Fontana
12. You've Got Troubles/I've Got		Fortunes
13. Keep on Dancin'		Gentry's
14. Ferry Across the Mersey		Gerry/Pacemakers
15. Cara Mia		Jay/Americans
16. Over and Over		Dave Clark 5

TITLE	1966	ARTIST
1. Hang On Sloopy		The McCoys
2. Soop John B.		Beach Boys
3. Bang Bang		Cher
4. Red Rubber Ball		Cyrkle
5. Cherry Cherry		Neil Diamond
6. I Fought the Law		Bobby Fuller 4
7. Love's Made a Fool of You		Bobby Fuller 4
8. Elusive Butterfly		Bob Lind
9. I Saw Her Again		Mamas & Papas
10. Woman		Peter & Gordon
11. Lady Godiva		Peter & Gordon
12. Where Were You, Needed You		Grass Roots
13. Georgie Girl		Seekers
14. I'll Never Find Another You		Seekers
15. A Place in the Sun		Stevie Wonder
16. Guantanamera		The Sandpipers

TITLE	1967	ARTIST
1. Baby I Need Your Lovin'		Johnny Rivers
2. A Whiter Shade of Pale		Procol Harum
3. San Francisco		Scott McKenzie
4. Brown Eyed Girl		Van Morrison
5. There's A Kind of Hush		Herman's Hermits
6. Judy In Disguise		John Fred/Playboy Band
7. To Love Somebody		Bee Gees
8. San Francisan Nights		Animals
9. Kentucky Woman		Neil Diamond
10. Carrie-Anne		Hollies
11. I'll Never Fall in Love Again		Tom Jones
12. Jackson		N. Sinatra/L. Hazelwood
13. Different Drum		Stone Poneys
14. Silence is Golden		Tremoloes
15. Somebody to Love		Jefferson Airplane
16. White Rabbit		Jefferson Airplane

TITLE	1968	ARTIST
1. Young Girl		G. Puckett/Union Gap
2. This Magic Moment		Jay & Americans
3. MacArthur Park		Richard Harris
4. Abraham, Martin & John		Dion
5. Words		Bee Gees
6. The Unicorn		Irish Rovers
7. The Look of Love		S. Mendes/Brazil '66
8. Tuesday Afternoon		Moody Blues
9. Hold Me Tight		Johnny Nash
10. Simon Says		1910 Fruitgum Co.
11. Ramblin', Gamblin' Man		Bob Seger System
12. Born to be Wild		Steppenwolf
13. Turn Around, Look at Me		Vogues
14. My Special Angel		Vogues
15. Master Jack		4 Jacks & a Jill
16. She's a Heartbreaker		Gene Pitney

TITLE	1969	ARTIST
1. Suspicious Minds		Elvis Presley
2. In the Ghetto		Elvis Presley
3. Everybody's Talkin'		Nilsson
4. Good Morning Starshine		Oliver
5. Jean		Oliver
6. The Boxer		Simon & Garfunkel
7. Games People Play		Joe South
8. Traces		Classics IV
9. Lodi		CCR
10. Suite: Judy Blue Eyes		Crosby/Stills/Nash
11. Sweet Caroline		Neil Diamond
12. Laughing		Guess Who
13. Ruby, Don't Take Love to Town		K. Rogers/1st Edition
14. Baby, It's You		Smith
15. Welcome Me Love		Brooklyn Bridge
16. One		Three Dog Night

TITLE	1970	ARTIST
1. Ride Captain Ride		Blue Image
2. It Don't Matter to Me		Bread
3. Ticket to Ride		Carpenters
4. Make Me Smile		Chicago
5. Knock Three Times		Dawn
6. Your Song		Elton John
7. Reflections of My Love		Marmalade
8. Question		Moody Blues
9. Big Yellow Taxie		The Neighborhood
10. Mr. Bojangles		Nitty Gritty Dirt Band
11. Band of Gold		Freddy Payne
12. Black Magic Women		Santana
13. Celebrate		Three Dog Night
14. Have You Ever Seen the Rain?		CCR
15. For the Good Times		Ray Price
16. Long, Long Time		Linda Ronstandt

TITLE	1971	ARTIST
1. American Pie (Full Version)		Don McLean
2. Superstar		Carpenters
3. Joy to the World		Three Dog Night
4. Colour My World		Chicago
5. Night Drove Old Dixie Down		Joan Baez
6. Stones		Neil Diamond
7. She's a Lady		Tom Jones
8. Me and Bobby McGee		Janis Joplin
9. Me, You, a Dog Named Boo		Lobo
10. Brand New Key		Melanie
11. Without You		Nilson
12. It's One of Those Nights		Partridge Family
13. Moon Shadow		Cat Stevens
14. Gypsies Tramps & Thieves		Cher
15. I Don't Know How to Love Him		Yvonne Elliman
16. Superstar (Jesus Christ)		M. Head/Trinidads

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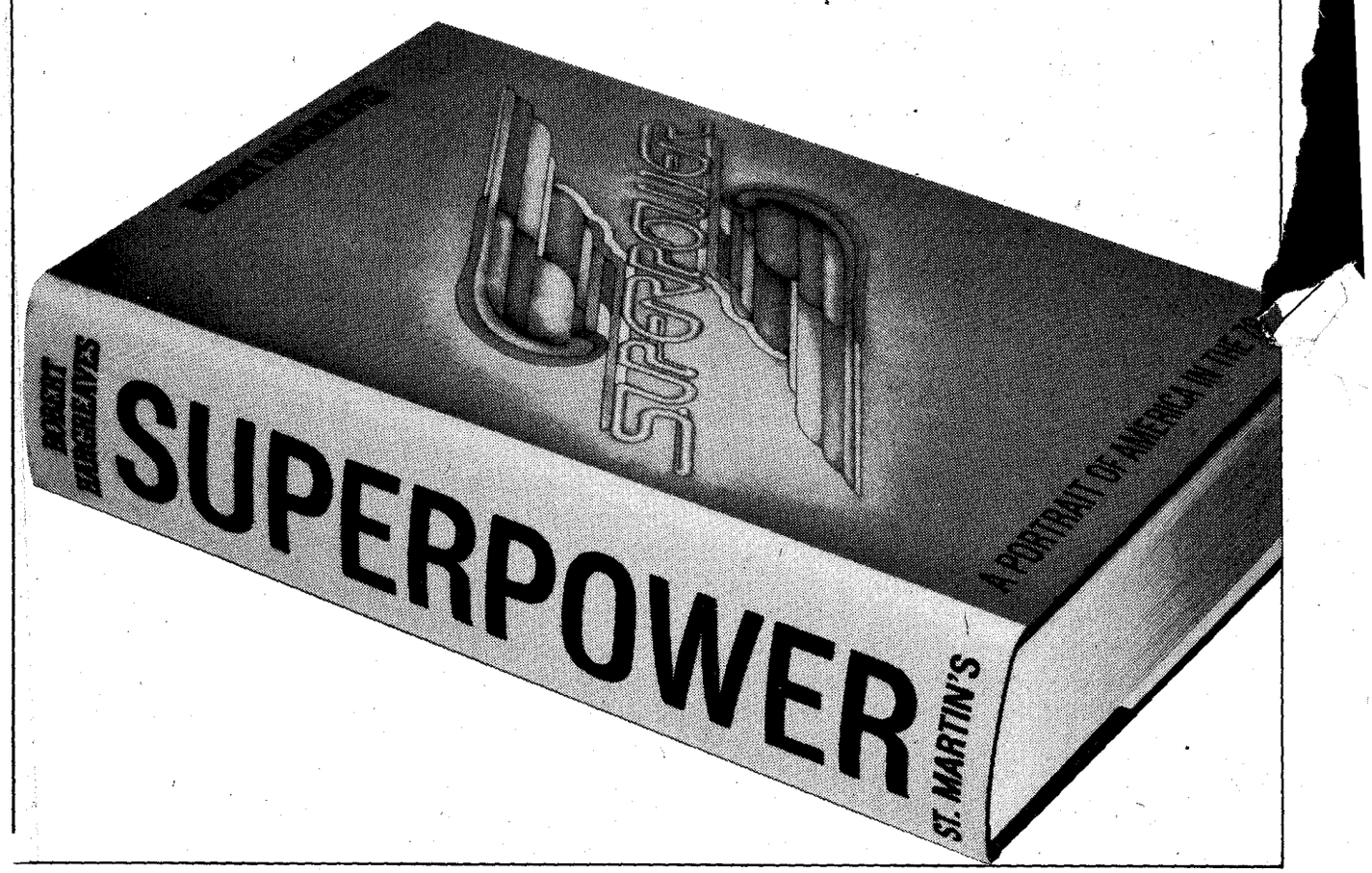

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TRB

from Washington
December 15, 1973

On with Impeachment

It is the thesis of this article that impeachment isn't all that bad, and that we had better get a man at the helm, quick, whom we can trust. The reason is that a worldwide economic storm is rising, we think, that will require unity and sacrifices.

No President has ever yet been ousted, though we came within one vote of it with Andrew Johnson in 1868. But the Founding Fathers wrote the impeachment procedure into the Constitution as an escape hatch, to meet emergencies very much like the present one. President Nixon seems no longer struggling for rehabilitation but for survival. He's subject to ridicule all over the country and it's a cruel business. Here is the cartoon strip "Little Orphan Annie" distributed by the hard-line *New York News*. The dog Sandy is missing and Punjab asks whether Daddy Warbucks won't authorize "a *burglary* of the lab in the interests of *canine security*." Ha, ha. Oh goodness no, says the circle-eyed little girl, "not with his love for *law* and *order* an' th' US *Constitution*" (italics Annie's). Who in the world can she be referring to? You can hardly listen to a television comic these days without some Nixon joke. (Sonny: "Whatever happened to Little Richard?" Cher: "Why he's in his little White House sitting on his little tapes.") The Barricini ice cream flavor of the month in Columbia, Maryland is "imPEACHment."

It's argued that impeachment proceedings would take a long time. Andrew Johnson's took only two-and-a-half months. Would they stop all other business? Johns Hopkins political scientists Rourke and Crenson say that more bills were introduced when impeachment was being considered for Johnson than during the preceding session.

Another objection is that impeachment would interfere with the normal course of government. It certainly would in some degree, but probably hardly more than does Watergate itself. Suppose the Senate got an impeachment-indictment from the House and failed to get the two-thirds necessary to convict; wouldn't that leave a crippled President? Perhaps, though we fear Mr. Nixon is crippled to some degree already. In Johnson's case anyway the trial didn't ruin him; he continued quietly in office for nine months and had a slight return of popularity. Seven years later he was back in the Senate. As a final proposition, suppose impeachment works and Jerry Ford takes over, brand new, inexperienced, groping; isn't that bad? The answer is that a great wave of sympathy normally engulfs new Presidents, for a while at least. Whether Mr. Ford could inspire and retain popular trust we don't know. But there would be a preliminary period of blessed unity, at least.

Some knowledgeable people here say that there's one more big Watergate shocker still to come. Rumors fly everywhere. We don't know. The public is in a scapegoating mood over fuel shortages, inflation and political scandals, and Mr. Nixon is apt to be blamed for anything, fairly or unfairly, even a cold wave. Republicans are desperate and campaign funds have dried up. Rep. John Anderson (R, Ill.), seven times elected to the House and third-ranking Republican there, thought he would run against Senator Adlai Stevenson next year. After polling the public he changed his mind. Not in the Watergate atmosphere. His teammates shiver. The party might be better off under President Ford, they say privately. If things don't improve soon a quiet delegation might go to Mr. Nixon.

There's one other point, too; the Fathers included impeachment for a purpose. James Madison said he expected it to be used. George Mason said, "No point is of more importance than that the right of impeachment be continued." It was a counterweight to a fixed term, to remind the President that he wasn't an elected king. He was still answerable for what happened – the plumbers, wiretapping and burglary, secret bombing. Professors Rourke and Crenson say, "If we become totally unwilling to use this remedy, we lose an essential element in the system of error-correcting mechanisms the framers built into the Constitution." We rather guess that if the House backs away from an investigation now, however, the device will be dropped for good.

We haven't always felt this way. It seemed to us that in spite of the Ervin hearings the President would somehow struggle out of the sandpit. But every time he started his wheels spun. There were the sweetheart loans from rich friends; the government refurbishments at San Clemente and Key Biscayne; the $800 income tax on a $200,000 income; an "Operation Candor" that only mystified more. We didn't think the public would ever consider impeachment. Well, we were mistaken.

Our immediate concern, though, is to see if the executive office will brace itself for the economic shocks ahead. We think the crisis goes far beyond the United States and affects the rich top fifth of the world's countries, Europe, North America and Japan. These countries are all caught in the midst of an inflationary boom and now their industrial lifeblood – imported Middle Eastern oil – is restricted. Nothing quite like this has been seen. It could produce a severe capitalistic slump.

Take the United States. Economics here is in the hands of laissez-faire zealots. Officials gave us the Russian grain deal, the meat shortage, the disastrous Phase Three of economic controls. Corporate profits, even discounting inflation, are soaring, but the real earnings of the average married worker with three dependents declined 3.3 percent in the last 12 months according to official figures. That amounts to around $110 a year. It's a lot of lost purchasing power when multiplied by 30 million workers. Meanwhile the well-to-do see the stock market plunge 20 percent in two months, wiping out perhaps $150 billion in paper values. That's a lot of money, too. And last Saturday at the filling station we watched them doling out premium gas, at raised prices, in restricted amounts. We drove home thoughtfully husbanding gasoline. Some of the big auto plants are closing. That affects glass and rubber and steel. It could be a brutal year.

Can Mr. Nixon's new economic team handle this? The crisis may go on and on, and it could be worldwide. Rarely has America had such need for strong leadership to bring confidence and unity. We doubt if President Nixon has that authority any longer, if he ever had it. Mr. Ford? We don't know.

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The Risk Of Nixon

As the facts leading to the alert of our armed forces on the night of October 25 seep out, disturbing questions are surfacing on the manner in which critical national security matters are decided. At his press conference the following noon, Secretary of State Kissinger, when pressed to defend the President's action, said that it had been taken at 3 am at a special meeting of the National Security Council, that the members were unanimous in their recommendations, and that Mr. Nixon had joined the deliberations *after* the collective judgment had been formed. At least the earlier phases of the alert, however, appear to have been put into effect *before* midnight. White House records do not list any meeting of the NSC on either October 24 or 25.

Kissinger initially pledged to provide a full account of events as soon as the emergency had passed. Now, a month later, he has reneged on the promise of disclosure, so we are left with selected leaks and the familiar experience of shifting stories out of the White House and security as the pretext for secrecy. And yet the important questions may not be whether there was too much secrecy or whether the NSC did formally recommend the alert to the President, but rather whether the nature of the crisis warranted alerting all our armed forces, including those for delivering strategic nuclear weapons, and whether the national security policy mechanisms operate in a way that facilitates a responsible decision by the President.

First, look at the alert itself, which put all US forces in what is known as Defense Condition 3. The Strategic Air Command as well as the 82nd Airborne Division at Fort Bragg, which might have had some role in policing a Middle Eastern cease-fire, were placed in a more advanced state of readiness. Why? The President's answer was that the alert was an indication "to the Soviet Union that we could not accept any unilateral move on their part to move military forces into the Middle East." But our strategic nuclear forces are always in a state of readiness; most of our Minuteman missiles can be fired on a moment's notice; more than 50 percent of our Polaris submarines are at sea prepared to fire their missiles on order; and enough intercontinental bombers are parked near the runways prepared to take off loaded with sufficient H-bombs to annihilate the Soviet Union on less than 15 minutes' warning. It is well known that the intelligence organizations keep careful watch on a wide variety of Russian activi-

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ties, by satellites and by electronic means. Indicators of possible Soviet actions are precisely catalogued, so that in an emergency the President will be in the best position to evaluate what the Russians might do.

In this instance the official explanation was that Washington had evidence that Soviet airborne troops had been placed on standby alert (this was not new, it had been observed previously during the Middle East conflict), and that in addition at 10:40 pm on October 24, Washington had received a second Brezhnev note, termed by some as brutal and by the President in the following terms: "It was very firm and it left very little to the imagination as to what he intended." This was the note Kissinger implied he would make public when the emergency was over, but which has been withheld. It is reported by those who claim to have seen the text that after urging that joint US-Soviet military contingents be sent to compel observance of the cease-fire, Brezhnev stated: "If the US and the USSR did not act together, we should be faced with the necessity urgently to consider the question of taking appropriate steps unilaterally." This was an implied threat, but only in the event of continued US unwillingness to act jointly. The primary thrust of the note was to get some quick action that would prevent the Israelis from engulfing the Egyptian Third Army before the agreed-to cease-fire could become effective. Some US response to Brezhnev was required, but the alerting only of our airborne troops might have been a more prudent signal. And use of the "hotline"—strangely silent during the entire night—would have been a more direct way of communicating US concern, assuming that personal relations between Nixon and Brezhnev are as cordial as claimed.

Did the Soviet note warrant raising the signal decibels to the nuclear level? Secretary Kissinger has stressed that nuclear nations must take special precautions against escalation, and last June Nixon and Brezhnev formally agreed "that an objective of their policies is to remove the danger of nuclear war and the use of nuclear weapons." The last thing anyone should want is the introduction of nuclear weapons into the Middle East; the risks are immense enough when only conventional weapons are involved. Furthermore, sending out a nuclear signal in this situation devalued its impact in any future confrontation where the signal might be more appropriate. Had the Soviet Union engaged in similar nuclear brinkmanship, the US would have been properly indignant. Rumors that the Russians had moved nuclear weapons to Egypt fortunately have not been confirmed, but in the aftermath of the US nuclear signal, Mohammed Hassanein Heikal, the influential editor of *Al Ahram*, called for an Egyptian nuclear capability.

This was "the most difficult crisis we have had since the Cuban confrontation in 1962," the President said, in a bit of hyperbole which available facts do not support. If he thinks so, however, one should analyze his actions and those of his chief advisers in that light. Who was making the decisions that evening? The only two statutory members of the NSC were Secretary of State Kissinger and Secretary of Defense Schlesinger. Admiral Moorer, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, General Haig, the White House chief of staff, and Director of CIA Colby were also present some of the time. Kissinger was there also as the President's national security adviser: David Binder of *The New York Times* has quipped that the NSC consisted of Kissinger, Kissinger and Schlesinger. He might have gone further and said that security policy is made by Kissinger and Kissinger. This is not a team designed to provide Mr. Nixon with a broad spectrum of opinion; it is not surprising that Kissinger was able to say that the President's advisers unanimously approved the alert. Nor is it even a "team" that gives assurance that the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate will be permitted to know why key national security decisions are made. Secretary Kissinger has been having something of a honeymoon with the committee; yet when he appeared before it in executive session recently, he dodged questions that were put to him about the alert order.

Most incredible was the absence of the President himself from these NSC discussions. He seems to have stayed in his room upstairs, being kept informed by phone or by personal reports from Kissinger of what was being done in the White House basement. Whatever the subject or its urgency, the President appears to be psychologically incapable these days of face-to-face discussion with more than two or three aides. In the 1962 Cuban missile crisis, to which Mr. Nixon has compared the recent Middle Eastern confrontation, President Kennedy met again and again with advisers of widely different backgrounds and points of view over a period of more than two weeks. Out of these talks evolved a policy quite different from that originally proposed, one which brought us through the crisis and forced the Soviets to withdraw their missiles. Granted Kennedy may have had more time than was available to Mr. Nixon on the night of October 24-25, but the Middle Eastern storm had been blowing up for nearly three weeks. On the night it hit, the President did not see fit to participate in talks that led to the alerting of our nuclear forces, never took the opportunity to hear firsthand the views of an admittedly narrow group of advisers nor to ask the hard questions which should have been answered before such a step was ordered. The reactions of America's allies seem to have been completely overlooked.

It is sometimes argued that the country cannot afford the impeachment or resignation of President Nixon because of the very special responsibility he has for national security decisions. The question for the public and Congress is: can the country afford a President who makes those decisions in the way they were made that night in October?

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Soviet Strategies

Soviet Communist Party Leader Leonid Brezhnev's passage to India should be viewed as an international rather than a bilateral event. For Brezhnev's goal in Asia matches his objectives in Europe and elsewhere —to encourage broad relationships that he hopes will replace the regional coalitions developed under US auspices during the Cold War, and, in the process, increase Soviet influence in world affairs.

It is doubtful whether Brezhnev expected Indian Prime Minister Indira Gandhi to join him in an Asian "collective security" arrangement, an idea he floated more than four years ago, dropped, and has only recently revived. He must have been forewarned that the Indians are concerned with strengthening their frayed ties with the Chinese, against whom his project is aimed, and thus he played down the notion. Instead he bolstered the Soviet Union's friendship treaty with India, signed during the Indo-Pakistan war two years ago, with a rather generous economic agreement. It is anticipated that Brezhnev or other Russian leaders will travel to other parts of Asia in the months ahead to deliver the Soviet message. They have already made a good deal of headway in Southeast Asian countries like Thailand and the Philippines, which were formerly close to the US. They have maintained a foothold in Pnompenh despite their theoretical sympathy for the Cambodian insurgents, and there are signs that they might welcome a link with Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalists on Taiwan. Although their recent negotiations with the Japanese were unsuccessful, largely because of territorial issues left over from World War II, they have not ruled out the prospect of a closer connection with Japan. If Soviet dreams are fulfilled, this diplomatic offensive will result in the dissolution of such groupings as the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization and the neutralization of that part of the world.

The Russians are pursuing a similar policy in Europe through somewhat different means. There they prefer to deal with Western Europe as an appendage of the US, and, in that respect, they are more or less on the same wavelength as Henry Kissinger. Their purpose is to prevent the West Europeans from becoming a strong political and perhaps military force in their own right. But this strategy has lately run into trouble in the face of criticism, especially by the French, that the US and the Soviet Union, the two "superpowers," are bargaining over the heads of the Europeans as they certainly were during the Middle East crisis. French proposals for greater political and military unity among the nine nations of the Common Market have irritated the Russians to such an extent that President Georges Pompidou's scheduled visit to Moscow in January reportedly has been postponed. Meanwhile the Russians have been trying to persuade the British to soften their skeptical attitude toward détente, but they were politely rebuked the other day by Foreign Secretary Sir Alex Douglas-Home, who told them during a visit to Moscow that better relations between East and West must be demonstrated "in practice rather [than] just in words." So in Europe, as in Asia, the Soviet Union still has a long way to go before it can foster the kind of security climate that it considers conducive to its own interests. West Europeans call that climate "Finlandization."

If the shape of things to come is going to be blurred in Asia, it may become somewhat clearer in Europe as a consequence of Kissinger's trip to the North Atlantic Treaty Organization meeting in Brussels this week. What the West Europeans want from him are assurances that the US will not withdraw American troops from Europe within the near future. Unless Kissinger is able to provide those assurances, the West Europeans are apt to fortify themselves in order to plug the "security gap," as they put it. Such a move would deal a blow to the concepts of Kissinger as well as to those of the Russians, and it would suggest that the "power balance" theory, dear to both the US and the Soviet Union, is a lot easier to set down on paper than to transform into reality.

CIAntics

Anyone who has ever worked as a foreign correspondent is familiar with the type. He lives permanently in a remote capital, say Vientiane or Lagos or Baghdad, as the free-lance representative for an obscure US publication or as occasional "stringer" for one of the better-known American newspapers, news magazines or wire services. His means of support are dubious, yet he has a comfortable apartment, a car and an expense account that permits him to pay for rounds of drinks. His relations with the US diplomatic mission and with certain members of the local government are excellent and, although he rarely comes up with scoops, he chases down the news in times of crisis with the dedication of a cub reporter. Speculating on the motives behind his residence in this faraway place, his more established colleagues usually offer the guess that he works at least part-time for the Central Intelligence Agency. Now, it turns out, their guess is probably correct.

The *Washington Star-News* has disclosed that some 40 US journalists abroad are regular undercover agents for the CIA and that William E. Colby, the agency director, intends to keep most of them on the payroll while dismissing a few whose continued clandestine activities, the newspaper said, "could most seriously compromise the integrity of the American press." Those to be fired are a small number of staff correspondents with general circulation news organiza-

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tions. Those to be retained, according to the *Star-News*, are the "stringers" and itinerant authors as well as writers for trade journals and specialized newsletters, most of whom operate for the CIA with the approval of their employers.

Like Rep. Lucien Nedzi of Michigan, chairman of one of the four congressional committees that is supposed to keep watch on the CIA, we are not "really surprised" by this revelation. It was known years ago, for instance, that CIA was financing *Encounter*, a political and literary monthly published in London. But we cannot agree with Nedzi's comment that it is nothing more than "an arrangement for gathering of intelligence" and, as such, "difficult to see much wrong with it." News dispatches from the Congo or Indonesia or Paraguay ought to be as unbiased and independent as those from Paris or Bonn. They are not likely to be as long as reporters are enrolled in the CIA or in any other organization that has an investment in tilting information. Looking back on some of the accounts from Vietnam in the early days of the war leads one to wonder whether more than a few journalists there at the time were quite deliberately putting out a line the CIA wanted to propagate. All journalists, part-time or full-fledged, should be removed from the CIA. There are two ways that can be done.

First, the media ought to screen their own personnel rigorously and eliminate anyone officially connected with the agency. This is often not done because wire services, newspapers, news magazines and television networks frequently are desperate to have a man in some out-of-the-way spot and are lax about checking his credentials. Secondly, the congressional oversight committees ought to examine the link between the CIA and the press just as, some years ago, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee looked into the army of US public relations companies covertly representing foreign governments at home and abroad. This would, of course, require the oversight committees to take a more scrutinizing attitude toward the CIA than they have to date.

And while they are at it, the congressional oversight committees should investigate possible ties between the CIA and private arms merchants. The biggest of these, Samuel Cummings, is a former CIA employee who lives in Monte Carlo, where he holds citizenship. He runs a firm called Interarmco, which sells weapons ranging from pistols to jet aircraft. There is reason to believe that his company was set up under CIA auspices in order to carry out special agency operations. One such operation would be the transfer of arms to countries prevented by embargoes from officially receiving US weapons. Thus, for example, Cummings could purchase arms originally supplied by the US to Turkey and ship them to Pakistan. Congressional sources submit that he serves the CIA by acting as the cover for weapons movements to many covert groups supported by the agency.

Strictly speaking, Cummings' business is legal. He maintains a warehouse in Arlington, Virginia. He advertises his wares in catalogues, and his open transactions are authorized by the US government. Half of his international operation consists of selling light weapons, the other half involves acting as broker in deals. Back in 1967 he bought up the Soviet weapons captured by Israel in the six-day war and resold them. More recently he reportedly acquired surplus military equipment used by Bangladesh and is selling it to various customers. He has claimed in his own defense that his business represents only a tiny fraction of the worldwide arms traffic, most of which is carried on by the US and Soviet governments. Of particular interest, however, is his possible tie to the CIA. Here again the oversight committees in the House and the Senate have an investigative obligation. But it is unlikely that they will fulfill it as long as their overriding aim, as Senator Stennis put it not long ago, is to protect the agency rather than make it accountable to the public that pays its bills.

The Nixon Watch

Ford on Ford

The chairmen and members of the Senate and House committees that approved the nomination of Congressman Gerald Ford to be the next Vice President of the United States spoke often at the hearings on the nomination as if they expected Ford to replace Richard Nixon in the presidency and were deciding whether he is fit to do so. They never said this. But there was in their comments something more and deeper than orthodox expressions of awareness that Presidents are mortal and that any Vice President may succeed his President. Whether Mr. Nixon will finish out his second term or will resign, be impeached and removed, or be declared incompetent to conduct the office while still in it is a subject of speculation and argument in Congress as it is throughout the country. Chairman Howard Cannon said that his Senate Rules Committee "should view its obligations as no less important than the selection of a potential President of the United States." Chairman Peter Rodino said at the start of the House Judiciary Committee's hearings that "what we may indeed be undertaking this morning is an examination of a man's qualifications and fitness to hold the highest office in America, that of President of the United States." Congressman Ford, testifying before the committees, rarely bothered with conventional quibbles to the effect that he didn't expect to be anything other than a Vice President and answered matter of factly when he was asked what he'd do "if you were President." For a minor example, he said that he had

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advised Mr. Nixon to have press conferences "more frequently than he has" and indicated that if he were President he'd plan to hold them "every other week at the least."

Believing what politicians say about themselves is not in fashion. Ford in his testimony of course was saying what he thought it expedient and prudent to say in the interest of getting his nomination confirmed with a minimum of trouble and opposition. But what he thought it expedient and prudent to say in these unique circumstances, the first when an incumbent President nominated a Vice President and Congress had to approve or disapprove the nomination by majority vote in both houses, told a good deal that's worth noting and remembering about Gerald Ford now that he is Vice President Ford.

Ford said his main reason for considering himself qualified to be Vice President is that "I believe I can be a ready conciliator and calm communicator between the White House and Capitol Hill, between the reelection mandate of the Republican President and the equally emphatic mandate of the Democratic 93rd Congress." A reason for believing this, he said, is that he has come to know the Congress well during 25 years as a member of the House of Representatives from Michigan and eight years as the Republican minority leader in the House. White House Counsellor and former Congressman Melvin Laird, whose chief assignment of late has been to get Ford confirmed and has said he's quitting the Nixon staff as soon as the Vice President has settled in, has also said that he expects Vice President Ford to be the President's principal advocate and most effective lobbyist on Capitol Hill. Ford indicated in different answers that he did and didn't think this a realistic view. Senators Lyndon Johnson, Hubert Humphrey and Alben Barkley discovered in recent times that their clout with the Senate melted away when they became Vice Presidents. Ford's disgraced predecessor, Spiro T. Agnew, never recovered from the harm he did himself during his first months in the vice presidency when he presumed to tell senators how to vote. When Senator James B. Allen of Alabama asked in effect whether he'd be a presidential lobbyist or "an impartial presiding officer of the Senate," Ford answered: ". . . I would, without any doubt, be an impartial presiding officer. I think that is mandatory. I do not think I ought to say I would be a crusader in the ranks on any issue, as far as the President's policy is concerned. If somebody asked me my views, I would certainly express them. If I am asked to try and work out compromises during the legislative process, I certainly would be available and contribute my input. But I would not talk to individual Senators like I now have the responsibility of talking to individual House members." He told the House committee that "I certainly hope to spend a substantial amount of my time in the US Senate as the presiding officer. I do expect, however, that I will be doing some work while I am on Capitol Hill, trying to get legislation through a Democratic Congress with a Republican President. I think I can contribute effectively in that way."

Ford said he couldn't imagine why people keep asking him whether he supports President Nixon on particular items and in general. He said his answer is: "Of course I support the President. He is my friend of a quarter century. His political philosophy is very close to my own. He is the head of my party and the constitutional chief executive of the nation. He was chosen quite emphatically by the people a year ago as I, if confirmed as Vice President, will not have been." He added that he nevertheless is his own man; that he's opposed this Republican President and Democratic Presidents "when I thought they were wrong"; and then said: "To be honest, I imagine that as Vice President you do your Presidential criticizing a little more privately than publicly." In an exchange with Congressman Charles E. Wiggins of California on November 15, Ford said he had met with the President "roughly 15 times" since he was nominated on October 12. He said that General Alexander Haig, the President's staff chief, called him on "three or four" of these occasions and asked him to see the President. On several occasions, he continued, "I called General Haig and asked to see the President." On several other occasions "I and others had met with the President and I stayed longer than they, and on those occasions I had no intercession by anybody." Wiggins said he hoped that Ford as Vice President wouldn't "feel it is necessary to clear your meetings with General Haig or with anyone" and concluded: "You have a right to talk to the President, it seems to me, and face him directly and personally." Ford replied: "I have found no problems whatsoever thus far in getting to see the President. As a matter of fact he has shown great interest in talking to me about matters which I appreciate because I think it is indicative that he wants whatever information or advice I can give and I can assure you that, if confirmed, I hope that that personal relationship . . . will be expanded."

Congressman Henry P. Smith III of New York reminded Ford that "the possibility is always there that you might be President of the United States" and asked him to describe his "background in foreign affairs." Ford replied: "I think being a member of the US Congress for 25 years, in the House, one does acquire considerable background in the field of foreign affairs." He said his membership on three Appropriations subcommittees dealing with defense, foreign aid and CIA matters "was extremely helpful and beneficial" and provided travel "in Europe, in Asia, in other parts of the world." These memberships ended when he became minority leader in 1965. He recalled his attendance at Interparliamentary Union meetings in Warsaw, Belgrade and Brussels. Also: "I have been

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privileged to attend a number of meetings at the White House under various Presidents where matters involving foreign policy were discussed and programs were executed or implemented [*sic*]." And—a point he made whenever his shortage of foreign policy experience came up—a 12-day visit to mainland China last year gave him and the late Hale Boggs of Louisiana "a unique opportunity to travel the length and breadth of China and to meet extensively with top leaders of the People's Republic of China." All of this, he thought, gave him "a background that is at least equal to my predecessors in the office of Vice President." When he was asked, "If the mantle of the presidency fell upon you, would it be your intention to keep Dr. Kissinger as Secretary of State?" Ford answered: "I think he is a superb Secretary of State."

Jacob Javits of New York, a Republican senator with maverick tendencies, said on December 5 that the pressures upon President Nixon to resign were certain to increase once a Republican Vice President and available successor was again in office. This factor, the prospect of a prolonged pre-impeachment inquiry by the House Judiciary Committee, and the visible fact that Mr. Nixon isn't looking well in some of his public appearances, justify a suggestion that citizens acquaint themselves with sections 3 and 4 of the 25th Amendment to the Constitution. Sections 1 and 2 provide that the Vice President shall succeed the President in event of removal, death or resignation, and that a vacancy in the vice presidency shall be filled in the way the vacancy left by Spiro Agnew was filled. Sections 3 and 4 deal with what happens when a President reports himself or is found to be "unable to discharge the powers and duties of his office." In that event, "such powers and duties shall be discharged by the Vice President as Acting President."

John Osborne

How Much, To Whom?

Energy

Self-Sufficient by 1980?

In his Disney World session with the editors November 17, President Nixon said: "If the Congress cooperates, if the nation cooperates, this nation in 1980 can have all the energy we need." And in his energy message of November 25, the President reiterated that "by the end of this decade Americans will not have to rely on any source of energy beyond our own."

The slow-down of motor traffic and the turn-down of thermostats may ease this winter's oil crisis and other conservation measures may lessen the impact on industry and commerce, but it adds up to an energy recession, the first of its kind in our history. It's true that the nation suffered a 28 percent fuel use reduction in the early 1930s, but this was dictated by economic setbacks, not by unavailability of energy. Furthermore at that time the United States depended primarily on coal, our population was not suburbanized as it is today, and we had only a fifth as many motor vehicles. Can we achieve energy independence in seven years? What if we fail? The first question requires that we look at today's energy consumption and at projections for 1980.

US use of energy in 1973 will amount to about 6.3 billion barrels of oil, accounting for slightly less than half of all energy consumption. Before the Persian Gulf oil embargo we were getting almost 40 percent of our oil from foreign sources. Natural gas will supply slightly less than a third of our energy this year and coal about a fifth. Hydropower and nuclear power supply the remainder, the uranium contribution being less than two percent of total US energy. All told, our energy consumption for 1973 is the equivalent of 13 billion barrels of oil.

Over the past decade our burn-up of fossil fuels has increased at the rate of 4.2 percent per year. At this rate, normal for our economic growth, we will need the equivalent of 17 billion barrels of oil in 1980. The National Petroleum Council estimated earlier this year that our 1980 oil demand will be slightly more than eight billion barrels. If we make the optimistic assumption that higher prices will stimulate natural gas production so that the present level is maintained and that coal production will increase by 20 percent by 1980, it's obvious that the US has to lay its hands on vast new supplies of energy. Given the demands of our cars, trains, planes and furnaces, this energy is

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most required in liquid form. That means oil.

Domestic production of all oils is now "flat out" or dropping and even with 0.6 billion barrels pumped through the Alaskan pipeline in 1980 US production will probably not be much over four billion barrels a year. Therefore, energy self-sufficiency in oil, assuming normal growth, will demand "finding" about four billion barrels a year—or its energy equal in some form acceptable to users.

Can nuclear power help fill the energy gap? The answer is—no more than plants now under construction can provide electric power, for it takes eight to 10 years for them to go from the drawing board to full power operation. With luck, nuclear power plants will number about 120 in 1980 and save the nation fuel equivalent to over one billion barrels of oil. Unfortunately, uranium is less versatile than coal, being restricted to use as a boiler fuel in steam-electric plants. There's no way for the hundreds of millions of gasoline and oil-guzzling engines to be replaced by electric motors in 1980.

Coal, on the other hand, can be converted into oil, jet fuel and heating oil by chemical processing and oil shale can be "cooked" to yield synthetic crude oil. Three decades ago coal from the Ruhr was converted into synthetic fuel to help power Hitler's *Wehrmacht*. A ton of coal has the potential of being converted into 100 gallons of liquid fuel and a ton of oil shale may yield 25 or more gallons. This means that if these fossil solids are to be synthesized to fill the oil gap, then billions of tons will have to be mined and processed annually.

The sad fact is that coal synthesis technology has exhibited snail-like progress. Even if it were advanced there are formidable barriers to the establishment of a domestic synthetic oil industry. About the only way to obtain sufficient coal would be to strip-mine and, if allowed, such operations, now at a 0.3 billion ton annual level, could hardly meet any significant 1980 demand for synthetic oil. Then, too, the water requirements and environmental impact of the synthetic plants pose very great problems.

Congressman Mike McCormack, chairman of the subcommittee on energy of the House Science and Astronautics Committee, concludes: "Coal gasification and liquefaction will not have a significant energy impact by 1980." One of two scientists elected to the House of Representatives, McCormack scoffs at the notion that crash programs and research and development can pay off by 1980. He stresses that enormous capital investments will have to be made in order to create a synthetic oil industry, and that risk capital will be hard to find unless the synthetic product can be protected against possible lower-priced oil in the future.

President Nixon has urged a Manhattan Project (code name for the A-bomb project of World War II) approach to our fuel problem, but there is a vast difference between wartime development of a destructive weapon and peacetime evolution of energy technologies capable of meeting the demands of the US market. Project Apollo *did* succeed in landing men on the moon, but it cost $25 billion and produced virtually no economic payoff. Had the nation spent a fraction of this sum on systematic research and development of new energy sources, beginning in 1960, we would be in a far better position to seek energy self-sufficiency.

Energy from the sun, wind and tides is potentially available, along with geothermal power from the earth's crust, but these are not viable energy options for contributing significant power by 1980. If new energy sources are to be real power-producers seven years from now, they must be in sight, not buried below the technological horizon or out of economic reach.

It is fair to say that the scientific and technical community has been excommunicated by the White House and is mystified by the President's promise of energy self-sufficiency by 1980. About the only way to attain such a condition is to reduce demand through ever more stringent conservation measures until it is compatible with domestic supply of energy. Then the price of energy independence will be fuel limitation with severe economic consequences. But assuming that the President is not taking the nation on a zero growth course, let's examine the consequences of shortfalls in fuel supply.

This year's Gross National Product may approach $1.3 trillion and if we link this to consumption of energy equivalent to 13 billion barrels of oil, then one barrel is related to $100 of GNP. If a reduction in energy usage is paralleled by a $100 per barrel drop in GNP, a one billion barrel decline in energy consumption would mean $100 billion decrease in Gross National Product. Less gasoline available means fewer luxury cars sold, sharp cuts in boat sales and domino effects in industries where lack of fuel or petroleum products needed for production cripples the production line. We are in the dark about the real economic crunch of fuel deprivation; perhaps the European experience will illuminate the issue.

No matter how the energy situation is analyzed, ours is an oil-based economy in which the fluid fuel is as vital as blood in the human circulatory system. Yet Americans persist in displaying a pioneer mentality toward the continuity of our energy supply, forgetting that the nation has fixed resource boundaries and that in a relatively few decades the premium liquid and gaseous fuels have reached a peak of exploitation. Except in the instance of nuclear power—a military derivative—the United States has failed to evolve an energy policy of bringing domestic supplies in consonance with demand.

The Persian Gulf crisis aggravates the supply problem, but we may trace back the origins of our energy dilemma to the early postwar years when oil imports

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began. With it commenced the war-interrupted and Depression-inhibited growth of motor vehicles, prime villains in the present crisis. US demand for oil was paced by the internal combustion engine's unslackable thirst, recently accented by pollution controls that increased gasoline consumption. A 42-gallon barrel of oil yields about 20 gallons of gasoline, and this year consumption of motor fuels will reach the 110-billion-gallon mark. The automobile is villainous, since from wellhead to roadbed our cars average less than 10 percent efficiency in fuel use.

Talk of $1 per gallon gasoline makes little sense if taxes hold steady because this would mean paying more than $20 per barrel of oil. At such a price it would not matter if the oil sheikhs refuse us since our trade deficit would rule out its purchase. Jacking up the price of gasoline by European-type taxes could curtail consumption, but the economic effect would be detrimental. However, a modest six cents additional federal tax per gallon could bring in six billion dollars which could be used to fund energy research and development, subsidize synthetic fuel production and promote energy-saving mass transit systems.

The House and Senate are becoming an "energy Congress," yet it's doubtful if it will hammer out a long-term energy policy for the country. Congressmen think in terms of two- and six-year time spans while the energy problem has a time-frame of 20, 30 and even 50 years. Within such a time-frame the United States can evolve a policy targeted on energy-sufficiency but it will require profound changes in our life-style—not just a transition from the Cadillac to the Volkswagen but a system of planning transportation on the basis of energy efficiency. In effect the United States will have to plan an energy economy, one that is integrated with national systems of efficient transportation.

Our energy affluence is not at an end, but unless a prudent energy policy is developed, the present fuel crisis will become protracted and the Nixon promise of plenty in 1980 will come to haunt Republicans even more than Watergate.

Ralph E. Lapp

MR. LAPP's *latest book* The Logarithmic Century *(Prentice-Hall) was published in June of this year.*

Rationing and the Poor

The current crisis draws our attention to something that has been true, although not obvious, for a long time: although this country is rich in natural resources, it is wasting them and the resources of other parts of the world as well by its enormous appetite for energy. If America is to be self-supporting in this respect, and also to avoid pollution and the despoiling of nature, not to mention saving some of the resources for future generations, it has to learn to conserve. This means a change in patterns of energy use and hence in personal habits. The problem is how to encourage this change without oppressive legislation.

Inside the country the distribution of energy is skewed, naturally enough, toward the wealthy; a strict accounting would show that most of the energy is spent, directly or indirectly, by the minority that owns most of the money. One of the things that has held up the equalizing of wealth in America, and that has made welfare seem somehow un-American, is a natural and partly justified feeling on the part of the rich and influential that Robin Hood tactics are unfair. The money they use belongs to them and to nobody else, however deserving. And in fact the principles of a democracy say nothing about the distribution of money. They might, however, say something about the distribution of energy. For it is a philosophical truth that a man is not necessarily free, just because nobody is oppressing him; he is free only if he has the resources of energy and information he needs in order to do what he wants to do. So nobody is entirely free—but it is up to the government, in a democratic state, to equalize what freedom there is.

The information is taken care of (in principle) by educational policy; the energy needs a policy of its own. Let us assume that everybody has a right to his fair share of the energy resources (not of the money) available to his generation. These resources are, of course, useless unless they are dug up or otherwise processed into a usable form; this has to be done by somebody, by industry for example, and the work of processing deserves to be rewarded. That explains why, even if one has the right to the energy, one still has to pay for it. But if an individual cannot afford to pay for it, still it does not follow that anyone else is entitled to use his share without consulting him. How can his interests be protected?

Suppose legislation were to establish the right of each to his share of energy, and to mandate the issue of vouchers, multiples of a suitable unit, rather as ration cards were issued during World War II. How would such a system work? First of all if an individual wished to buy anything—gasoline, airline tickets, electric power—that represented the expenditure of a significant amount of energy, he would have to spend energy vouchers as well as money. So many units would be attached to each kind of expenditure, according to a scale devised by experts. Nobody would tell anybody what to do, everybody would be free to choose—but not free, in the first instance, to choose to consume more than his share. Some activities—local public transportation, the manufacture and processing of staple foods and other necessities—would be exempt from this accounting, and energy would be freely available up to a modest per-capita level, varying by region and season, for domestic cooking, heating and

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lighting.

Now suppose, to take an oversimplified case, two individuals, Smith and Jones. Each has enough energy vouchers to fly to Australia *or* to drive a Lincoln Continental *or* to run a central home air-conditioning system. But Smith is poor; he has the vouchers but not the money; he can't afford to do *any* of these things; in fact he can't afford to do anything much at all, and his energy needs are minimal, falling below the level where the voucher system takes over. Jones, on the other hand, is rich; he wants to do *all* these things, and can afford to, in fact he can afford to do anything he likes; he has the money but not the vouchers.

The obvious answer is for Jones to offer to pay Smith for his vouchers. But Jones lives in Florida and Smith in North Philadelphia; besides, Smith is a less astute businessman than Jones, and if somebody does not protect him he will get a poor deal. An intelligent government would have foreseen this, and by setting up an Energy Voucher Exchange (EVE) would have made a fair arrangement possible. EVE would issue the vouchers, but it would also sell them and redeem them; in fact, anticipating the social realities of the situation, it would allow individuals to exercise their energy drawing rights in cash or vouchers according to choice. Some industries, engaged in the production of non-essential goods, would be big customers for vouchers, and so would some wealthy individuals. Even so, when the total supply of vouchers ran out, they would have to stop using energy altogether. And the total would of course have been computed so as to keep the country within its resources. Between this and the cost of extra vouchers, the incentive to live at a lower level of energy consumption would be considerable.

All rationing schemes generate black markets. But here it is not a commodity that is rationed—although bootleg gasoline and heating oil would have to be watched for—but a right. Since every voucher would be personal, or at least accounted for against the name of some person, the scheme would have to ensure the compensation of that person for someone else's use of the voucher, and minimize the possibility of the enrichment of some other person at his expense. So limits would have to be placed also on the purchase of vouchers for unspecified use, and their resale would have to be forbidden.

Finally, the cash equivalent of vouchers would be officially set at a level that any individual who chose to exercise his drawing rights in cash would find himself in command of an acceptable minimum income. If this were done, welfare could at the same time be abolished, and with it the psychologically damaging effects of living on handouts, since drawing on EVE would be a right, part of what it means to live in a democratic state. This would save local governments a lot of money, and also—since vouchers would be redeemable anywhere in the country—remove the incentive to crowd into the cities where the welfare programs are. In fact, because cities are more expensive, it might reverse a demographic trend. The place of the welfare clients in the inner city might in turn be taken by refugees from the suburbs who wished not to spend all their vouchers on commuting. But suburbanites would have other strategies: the drive to the small car is already on, and there would be increasing pressure for voucher-free public transportation. (The exemption of local mass transit systems would of course require a careful definition of "local"; there seems no reason to exempt public inter-city transportation. But in the latter case the voucher cost would be least for trains, more for buses and planes.)

EVE would not be particularly difficult to administer. It would be a large-scale operation but, once the preliminary calculations had been done (setting energy levels for various activities and working out cash equivalents), a relatively simple one. And it might work.

Peter Caws

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Kicking the Auto Habit

Once she was on the freeway and had maneuvered her way to a fast lane she turned on the radio at high volume and she drove. She drove the San Diego to the Harbor, the Harbor up to the Hollywood, the Hollywood to the Golden State, the Santa Monica, the Santa Ana, the Pasadena, the Ventura. . . . from *Play It As It Lays,* by Joan Didion

Los Angeles

Angeleno life is unthinkable without the automobile. People meet friends at the Thriftimart parking lot; they grab a bite at Bob's Big Boy drive-in; they cruise down Sunset Boulevard looking for action; they drive 20 miles for dinner or a movie. It's impossible, they say, to cash a check, buy a quart of milk, get to work or school or play without leaping into a four-wheeled steed, most of the time in solitary splendor (93 percent of freeway commuters drive alone). The costs are smog, congestion, waste of energy and land (40 percent of the city surface is devoted to the care and movement of automobiles)—but Angelenos wouldn't have it any other way—or so it seemed until recently.

For longer than most people can remember, Angelenos have been complaining about air pollution, sprawl, the lack of mass transit. But this was half-humorous small talk, like complaining about the weather; no one really questioned the Southern California life-style or doubted it would last forever. Voters

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in 1968 could have approved a $2.5 billion mass transit system; they thumpingly turned it down. Whenever Sam Yorty, the long-time mayor, was asked about smog or rapid transit, he'd say the problems weren't serious and anyway he had no power to do anything. Even when the Environmental Protection Agency last July ordered Los Angeles to reduce drastically its use of motor vehicles, using parking surcharges, car pools, more buses and eventually gasoline rationing, people figured there was no cause for alarm: Congress would see the light and deadlines (1977 for gas rationing) would be eased.

Suddenly the deadlines are here and no reprieve seems possible. Washington is talking about 10 or 15 gallons weekly gasoline quotas, Sunday closing of gasoline stations, and immediate cutbacks of diesel fuel and heavy heating oil. Freeway speed limits will fall, rotating blackouts are a good possibility, and those multiple family cars will spend more time in the garage.

> *She drove it as a riverman runs a river, every day more attuned to its currents, its deceptions, and just as a riverman feels the pull of the rapids in the lull between sleeping and waking, so Maria lay at night in the still of Beverly Hills and saw the great signs soar overhead at seventy miles an hour, Normandie ¼ Vermont ¾ Harbor Fwy 1. . . .*

Kicking the automobile habit will be painful. Los Angeles is laid out inconveniently: low-density residential tracts meander randomly around linear commercial strips and, except for the so-called central business district, there are no high-density employment centers. The daily commute cycle does not flow in the typical in-and-out pattern but moves rather in an almost Brownian motion over the whole area, creating during summer days a pervasive blanket of smog. To get away from the smog, people settle on the fringes of existing development, thereby creating more sprawl, more auto traffic and more smog.

". . . forever, Amen. Anybody driving toward Third and Elm?"

Another problem is that there's no alternative in sight to the private automobile. At one time when the Los Angeles basin was a clear-skied collection of separate communities, with farms and open space between them, an extensive railway system made intercity travel quick and pleasant. The Big Red Cars of the Pacific Electric ran from San Fernando to Hollywood to Beverly Hills to Santa Monica and Watts and Whittier and Long Beach and San Bernardino. Then came the auto explosion and the freeways and the suburbanization of the entire basin; rail lines were ripped up and rights-of-way lost. (The last Big Red Car ran in 1961 on the line through Watts to Long Beach, and when investigators later looked for causes of the Watts riot they often cited Watts' isolation from public transportation.)

The Southern California Rapid Transit District, formed in 1964, today operates about 1500 buses, but the routes are so unlearnable, the service so infrequent and the distances so vast, that only those too old, too young or too poor to drive an automobile are generally found on buses. (Example: a person trying to get from Sherman Way in Canoga Park to the Century City complex off Santa Monica Boulevard would first call up RTD information. He'd be advised to take the 81 bus south to Hollywood and Highland, then transfer to the 91W west on Hollywood to Century City. This relatively short and simple trip would take about two hours.) Travel without a car might be aided somewhat if taxis or jitneys were available to fill the gaps between bus runs, but the Yellow Cab Company, with its monopoly franchise, is ridiculously expensive, and jitneys are illegal.

A further difficulty is the Angelenos' intense psychological attachment to the automobile, an attachment not easily shaken by ecological exhortations or monetary disincentives. A recent opinion survey for the EPA found that even if buses were frequent, cheap and convenient, few commuters would give up the door-to-door privacy and luxury of their automobiles; three-fifths of those queried even said they'd find it difficult to join a car pool. Similarly the 10-cents-an-hour surcharge on downtown parking, scheduled to take effect next July, is not expected to deter many people (except the poor) from driving—they'll pay 80 cents more per day, just as they'll pay higher gasoline prices and taxes to a point way up the elasticity curve. "Buses just don't appeal to people here," says an EPA official, "though we think an ultra-modern rail system will"—a thought

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shared by science fiction writer Ray Bradbury, who suggested some years back that Walt Disney should be made mayor of Los Angeles because he was the only person capable of making rapid transit attractive enough for Angelenos to ride it.

> *So that she would not have to stop for food she kept a hard-boiled egg on the passenger seat of the Corvette. She could shell and eat a hard-boiled egg at seventy miles an hour (crack in on the steering wheel, never mind salt, salt bloats, no matter what happened she remembered her body) and she drank Coca-Cola in Union 76 stations, Standard stations, Flying A's. . . .*

Despite these and other formidable obstacles the Southern California Rapid Transit District is pushing ahead with plans to build a new $6.6 billion rail system. High-speed trains would serve eight major corridors, and feeder buses would plug some of the holes in between. The exact design of the trains is uncertain; steel wheel on steel track would be the simplest, but some of Los Angeles' aerospace geniuses are pushing for magnetic levitation, air cushions, personalized rapid transit cars and other unproven exotica. Whether construction takes place will depend again on the voters: a rapid transit financing scheme, based on a one cent sales tax hike and a 25 cent fare, will be on the ballot next November. Should voters approve (RTD officials say the prospects are iffy) the system would take more than 12 years to build, and critics already are predicting huge cost overruns and other problems.

Rapid transit is, in any case, a long-range prospect; meanwhile Los Angeles must come to grips with the immediate probability of gas rationing. Mayor Tom Bradley wants the RTD to run more frequent and faster buses; the RTD insists that the energy crunch means that diesel fuel as well as gasoline is in short supply, so that fewer bus runs rather than more are in the offing. Even if diesel fuel were obtainable, new buses would not be easy to come by: the two US producers, GMC and Flxible, turn out only 3000 buses a year and cities all over the country are scrambling for them. Then there is the perennial California headache of multiple jurisdictions. To establish bus stations and express lanes the RTD needs, but doesn't always get, cooperation from the 77 separate municipalities and assorted regional agencies in the Los Angeles area. "It's enough to drive Kafka up a wall," one transit official exclaims.

Other methods for coping with the gasoline shortage include computerized car pool matching systems and employer-paid mass transit fares. These will be tried within the next year or two. Gas rationing, once imposed, is likely to stay on indefinitely, if not because of fuel shortages then because of federal clean air standards. EPA calculates that even with catalytic converters, vacuum spark advance disconnecters and other anti-pollution hardware on vehicles, it will still be necessary to cut back driving by over 90 percent on bad smog days, and the only way to do that is by limiting the availability of gasoline.

> *In the first hot month of fall Maria put seven thousand miles on the Corvette. Sometimes at night the dread would overtake her, bathe her in sweat, flood her mind with sharp flash images of the irrevocability of what seemed already to have happened, but she never thought about that on the freeway. . . .*

Los Angeles as a megalopolis will survive. People will get to their jobs one way or another, and they will have private automobiles, though perhaps not gasoline-driven ones. But the city's unfettered mobility and endless growth will change, possibly for the better. Angelenos will spend fewer mind-numbing hours enclosed in metal and glass cocoons. When they do drive it will be with other passengers, and there'll be conversation, not just radio sounds. They will eat less drive-in food, ride bikes more often, and read more (on trains and buses). The air will be cleaner, too.

Other changes will come, though not immediately, in the cityscape itself. EPA is talking about regulation of "complex sources"—proposed new developments such as shopping centers, sports arenas, office buildings or housing subdivisions, that don't themselves emit air pollution but which, because of their location, would stimulate greater use of automobiles. Increasingly such new developments will be stopped. New housing and new jobs will be built close together. It will take time, lots of time, but Los Angeles will probably emerge from the energy crisis as an overpopulated version of what it once was—a collection of relatively self-contained communities connected by intra-city rapid transit, an American prototype still, but of a less helter-skelter way of life.

Peter Barnes

Power from the Sun

Harry Thomason, a patriotic but distant neighbor of the President in Washington, DC says he hasn't turned down his thermostat to save fuel this winter, and doesn't need to. If he did it would hardly affect his heating bill. Last summer he filled his fuel tank with $55 worth of heating oil at low pre-crisis rates, and now he thinks his reserves will last until next summer. His secret is solar power. Without it, he thinks his fuel bill this year would have been about $300. At the moment Thomason's oil furnace is disconnected because he wants to find out how long he can do without it, and his house is being warmed to about 70 degrees, day and night, with heat from the sun alone. An apparatus designed and built by Thomason collects solar heat on the roof and carries it to the basement, where it is stored in a 1600-gallon tub of water surrounded by stones. When the temperature in his house falls

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below 70, a low-power electric blower automatically begins circulating air from the house through the warm stones and back upstairs until the temperature rises a few degrees. Even on the coldest days, Thomason says, his system collects some solar heat. Its only real enemy is clouds; if it weren't for them, he wouldn't need an oil tank at all. He claims that even if the sun shone every second day, he could heat his house without fuel. But bad weather comes in clumps, and after three or four moderately cool, cloudy days, or two windy dark ones, his system is forced to fall back on the standby, oil heat.

The principle of solar heating is simple, and dozens of experimenters have been lured over the years into thinking they could heat their houses cheaply with it. But very few experiments have paid off. The difficulty is not just designing a system that works, but designing one that is also easy to build. If one could afford to buy photoelectric cells at several hundred dollars per square foot, it would be possible to have a house run self-sufficiently on solar electricity. But to generate the amount of electricity and heating power used in a year, say 24,000 kilowatts, the roof would have to be covered with 800 square feet of photocells, at a cost that would run into the tens of thousands. Even if photocells could be produced for a dollar per square foot, as solar expert Karl Böer at the University of Delaware thinks they can be, a solar electric house would be prohibitively expensive. Böer estimates that a house drawing 80 percent of its power from solar electricity and solar heat, built with mass-produced materials, would still cost $3000 more than a conventionally heated house. This is why most research in solar electricity is considered merely experimental. The day may come when it costs more to buy electricity from the power company than to make it at home, but that day is not in sight. Boer's estimate that houses with solar electric power could be mass-produced in the '70s still seems optimistic, but every increase in the price of fuel brings the possibility a little closer. At the moment solar power is useful only in the thermal field, and as Thomason has discovered, it's much more adaptable to heating than to air conditioning.

There was a boom in solar house-building in the US in 1958-1959 when many experimental heaters were put into operation. But few of them survived. One of the more promising among them, built in 1959 by MIT after 20 years of experimenting, fell apart three years later. At its peak it collected 55 percent of its heat from the sun. That gives an idea of the difficulties involved. Two that have survived from that period are a 1958 house built by Colorado State University Professor George Löf and a vintage 1959 house built by Thomason, the prototype of the house referred to earlier. The Löf house gets only 25 to 33 percent of its heat from the sun, according to one of Löf's assistants, because it has an undersized heat collector and storage area. Thomason has built three solar houses now, and claims that his last two get 90 to 95 percent of their heat from the sun. If true this would make his the most successful in the world. Surprisingly, though other countries are more advanced in the use of solar tap water heating, they have not gone as far in space heating. Solar hot water heaters are common in Israel and Australia, and until this year solar heat research was more generously funded in those countries and in Russia and France than in the US. But now, it need hardly be said, interest is reviving.

Besides those mentioned already, today there are solar heated (and some solar cooled) houses in California, New Mexico, Oregon and elsewhere, making a total of perhaps a dozen. The University of Delaware opened a laboratory solar house last summer that runs partly on solar generated electricity, and the University of Florida has a solar heated and air conditioned test house. Others are being built in Omaha, Arizona and Colorado. A New York engineering firm is working on plans for two possible solar heated and cooled federal government buildings, one scheduled to go up in Michigan and the other in New Hampshire. The Massachusetts Audubon Society has commissioned Arthur D. Little, Inc. of Cambridge to design a solar heating and cooling system for its new library and office building in Lincoln, Mass., construction for which will begin near the end of next year. Arthur D. Little estimates that the system will handle 65 to 85 percent of the heating load and 50 percent of the air conditioning. If mass-produced, it is estimated that the system would add $31,000 to the price of a building like the Audubon center, which will be two storeys high with floor space of 8000 feet.

The apparent key to the success of the Thomason houses is the large size of the heat collecting and storage devices, made possible by the inexpensive materials used. Unlike the more careful university experimenters, Thomason does not use expensive copper or aluminum piping in his rooftop heat collector, but a sheet of black, corrugated aluminum. On top he has bolted dozens of rectangles of cheap glass to keep the heat in. Whenever the temperature of the metal sheet is warm enough, the system automatically begins pumping reserve water from the basement to the roof, where it dribbles down the corrugated grooves, along a gutter and into the basement tank. In good weather the water downstairs stays at a temperature of about 85 to 95 degrees. The tank and surrounding stones take up a third of the basement.

Though it seems to work, Thomason's system is treated as a freak. A survey called "Solar Energy as a Natural Resource" published this year with grants supplied by the National Science Foundation and NASA speaks of solar space heating as being nearly competitive with conventional fuel, possibly ready for public use in five years. It is easy to understand why the experts haven't recognized Thomason's work. His

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system is an amateur job, and he doesn't keep statistical data on its cost or performance. Thomason himself is not an engineer (he calls himself Dr. Thomason, but his doctorate is in law, earned in night school), and his equipment is crude and theoretically impure. Its flaw is that while it works as a solar heater, it fails as a solar cooler. It provides air conditioning that's cheaper and less polluting than most, but it provides it in a fairly conventional way. The ideal system should be able to heat and cool with solar power, and to do so at a lower cost than present systems.

According to a student of solar energy in Colorado, the experts are sensitive about the number of solar houses that have failed, and are understandably cautious about endorsing anything that hasn't got scientific credentials. Several large corporations are showing an interest in solar energy, among them General Electric, Westinghouse, TRW, Inc. and United Aircraft. The government, too, has begun to take a serious look: federal research funds have tripled since last year to $3.96 million, and they're expected to triple again in 1974 to about $13.2 million. The Atomic Energy Commission has asked the White House to spend even more, as much as $32 million next year alone. Solar experts, anxious to rid the field of any crankish overtones, will not spend the new money on an idea that hasn't proved itself in their terms. A spate of failures could puncture the ballon.

In the meantime Harry Thomason is promoting his invention as fast as possible. Last week he bought $4000 worth of ads in Washington papers inviting "builders, developers and investors" to the "most profitable seminar you'll ever attend" to learn about "one of the smartest investments of our time." He claims that a system of the size used in his house can be installed in a new building for $3000 (roughly twice the cost of conventional heating and cooling), possibly as much as $4500 if construction costs are more than he expects. At present oil prices, with no major repairs, such a system would pay for itself in seven to 15 years.

Eliot Marshall

War Resisters Now

The Court Martial of Richard Bucklin

by Roger Neville Williams

He was born in the summer of his 27th year
Comin' home to a place he'd never been before
He left yesterday behind him, you might say he was born again
You might say he held a key to every door.

John Denver/"Rocky Mountain High"
© Cherry Lane Music Company

He believed he'd paid a high price for his decision to refuse to remain part of a conscript army that was ravaging Indochina—five years' exile in Sweden—and that his country wouldn't make him pay any more. The war was over, the POWs were home free, the Paris agreements had been signed. And he'd heard that military counseling groups were getting many deserters off with undesirable discharges, that draft resisters returning from exile were having their cases dismissed. So Richard Bucklin, all his possessions in a red canvas backpack, arrived in New York from Sweden, via Canada, in June of this year. I met him then and was struck by his almost beatific reserve. He was wearing the same clothes he had in 1968, the year he deserted from his army unit in Germany. He was 27.

Bucklin stayed with a construction engineer, a "hard hat for peace," who lives in the Eighties off Fifth Avenue. He spent several weeks in New York, amazed at all the new construction. He talked with people at Safe Return, a group that had brought back several deserters, among them Tom Michaud, who surrendered on the floor of the Democratic convention in Miami, John Herndon, subject of a book by James Reston, Jr., and Ed Sowders, a Vietnam vet and deserter who turned himself in at the Abzug amnesty hearings earlier this year. Michaud had got five months, Herndon went scot-free, and Sowders' court martial was never convened.

The hard-hat put Bucklin on the midnight bus for Denver, where he got in touch with the Rocky Moun-

ROGER NEVILLE WILLIAMS, *himself a draft resister whose case has been dismissed, is the author of* The New Exiles.

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tain Military Project, which was handling his case, along with the Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors in Philadelphia. He turned himself in July 4, was processed at Fort Carson, given a new uniform and combat boots and a 30-day leave, during which he was told he could expect to receive his undesirable discharge papers in the mail.

He wrote to a friend, "Yesterday I got out, as undesirable, in the opinion of the army. I've felt better than I have for years just being back in this country, and especially back in Colorado where I can see the mountains as I spent most of my life in sight of them." Bucklin has parents in Denver, but he didn't look them up: they had long since disowned him for his desertion, and he them.

He returned to New York to assist the groups campaigning for an unconditional amnesty for war resisters still in exile in Canada and Sweden and for vets with bad discharges. He needed work, but lacking discharge papers, he was forced into the exploitative temporary employment agencies where he hired out as a day laborer moving furniture. Then his clerical skills got him day work at a bank and for this he needed clothes, so the hard-hat bought him the first new outfit he'd had since he was drafted out of his freshman year at the University of Colorado in 1967. Bucklin felt very much on top of things and suggested the clothes-buying evening be capped off with a call to his lawyer in Denver to check on the disposition of the discharge papers.

Rudy Schware, his attorney, told him the army had changed its mind. Hadn't he received the papers recalling him to Colorado? Bucklin said he hadn't and that no such papers had arrived at the designated New York address. The army had decided, his lawyer said, to bring him before a general court martial on two counts of AWOL: one for his five years' exile, the other for the time elapsed since his ordered recall. He was told he could expect two years in Leavenworth. Bucklin said, "It was like receiving a swift kick in the stomach."

Counselors at the Military Project said the action was entirely unexpected. They had got off some 250 short- and long-term AWOLs with undesirable discharges over three years, including one man who'd been gone seven and one-half years. Bucklin was the first deserter to return to Fort Carson who would face a general court martial.

He called his friends at *AMEX* magazine in Toronto. They told him Canada's new immigration policy excluded him from legal residence there—they'd help, but he'd be an illegal immigrant. Sweden was out. He still had a recurring nightmare of walking down the *Kungstradgardsgatan* late on a snowy night with no one on the streets and all the doors and windows shut. He had found mind-numbing work in a Stockholm electronics factory, but before that there had been hungry days. He wouldn't go back to Sweden for anything and he couldn't bear being a fugitive any longer in America or Canada.

He returned to Denver and gave himself up a second time on October 4. A defense committee was formed by the RMMP, Vietnam Veterans Against the War and the National Lawyers Guild. He was taken directly to Fort Carson and placed in "maximum security" at the "area confinement facility"—the stockade. Motions to have him released pending trial fell on deaf army ears, the military reasoning that two AWOLs meant he might leave again, the defense stating that by turning himself over to military authorities twice in three months he established his intention of sticking around for court martial. Bucklin is now in minimum security pretrial confinement and will remain there until trial sometime late this month or in early January. The press is denied access to him.

So far the judge, Colonel William K. Laray, has allowed the defense to argue in "39A" hearings a number of motions centered on conscience and the legality of the war. It may be the first time since Dr. Levy's trial that a military judge will permit a defendant to question the legality of the Vietnam war in a general court martial. Levy's judge didn't buy the legal and criminal arguments, but that was in 1967. Since then we've had My Lai, the Pentagon papers, the secret and illegal bombing of Cambodia and Laos, an air force officer's statement that hospitals were routinely bombed, and the carpet bombing of Hanoi with chief Nuremberg prosecutor Telford Taylor taking notes on the spot. Citing the Treaty of London, Nuremberg and the two Hague Conventions, Bucklin's defense contends that it was no crime to refuse, in good conscience, to participate in military duties. His army counsel, Captain Allan Friedburg, says, "Any orders Dick would have followed in the military would have been illegal. Therefore he was justified in leaving."

As it was impossible for Bucklin to continue serving in the military when he became aware of the nature of the war, so was it impossible for him to accept the "deal" the army originally offered him at his first hearing: serve his remaining 13 months and go free with a good discharge. His attorney considered that a victory; Bucklin didn't. He refused "all deals" short of an undesirable discharge and his freedom.

Bucklin writes from the stockade that he is in good spirits. If his trial can become a focal point for the unresolved issue of amnesty in this country, he says he can manage months or years in prison. Congresswomen Patricia Schroeder and Bella Abzug are doing what they can for him, but only a majority of their male colleagues can provide relief for Bucklin and for the many hundreds of other GIs, mostly black, mostly Vietnam vets, who are serving time for antiwar and race-related AWOL offenses. If Bucklin goes to prison, amnesty is a dead issue for the 30,000 Vietnam era deserters who the Pentagon admits remain at large, many of them in exile.

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Measuring What Schools Achieve

Learning and Testing

by Joseph Featherstone

Throughout the 1960s, an organization called the International Association for the Evaluation of Educational Research (IEA) surveyed the achievement of schoolchildren in some 22 countries in mathematics and other conventional academic subjects. The results of many of these surveys are now being published and recently a conference at Harvard met to discuss what they mean. With cross-national samples involving over 250,000 schoolchildren, the IEA researchers used the same sort of statistical procedures as those employed by the British Plowden Report, *Children and Their Primary Schools*, by the sociologist James Coleman in his report, *Equality of Educational Opportunity*, and by Christopher Jencks and his colleagues in their book *Inequality*. The data add an interesting international dimension to the long and often muddled debate over the relative effects of home background and schooling on children's achievement test scores.

On the whole, the IEA studies tend to confirm earlier findings: social class and family background seem more important than schooling in accounting for differences in children's achievement test scores. There's one major qualification, however: schooling seems to be more important in some subjects than in others. Both the Coleman and the Plowden reports dealt with tests for verbal and mathematical ability; the IEA surveys show significant school influence in science, literature and second language teaching. In the case of literature particularly the survey suggests that schoolchildren pick up very distinctive approaches to discussing literary works: those in Chile, England and New Zealand take an interest in matters of pure form; those in Belgium, Finland and the United States talk about themes and content; those in Italy take an essentially historical approach. We don't know why. Nonetheless the literature survey suggests that responses to literature—and presumably to other parts of the curriculum not tested by these surveys—may indeed be learned, and that the learning may well be the result of different sorts of school experiences.

This would scarcely be an astonishing revelation were it not for the heated current arguments over what schools can do. The IEA data suggest that in certain kinds of subjects schools do indeed make a big difference.

The most dramatic fact in the IEA surveys is the huge gap in achievement scores between children in the wealthy, developed nations and children in poor, developing nations. Differences in reading scores among affluent nations are not great, whereas reading scores in three developing nations—Chile, India and Iran—are so low that 14-year-old students seem almost illiterate by comparison. In discussions at Harvard of the educational plight of the poor nations, two points were stressed. The first was their need to build up some kind of educational *system*. In developed nations a wide array of formal and informal educational institutions have existed for three or four generations, and egalitarian social policy has slowly—with some glaring exceptions—narrowed the range of differences between schools. This very systematization poses a new set of problems: standardization, bureaucracy, overly rigid professionalization. Poor countries do not share this affluent malaise: a rural school in Chile may have no books at all, and so the problem is not how well or how soon children learn to read but whether they will ever learn.

A second point made at the Harvard conference was that however great the need for system, it is an open question whether the models of schooling developed in the industrial West are appropriate for developing nations. No developing nation has thus far established an advanced educational system without exacerbating class and caste divisions, and without according brain work a higher status than hand work. This problem was debated in Bolshevik Russia in the 1920s; it is a pressing issue in China and many other poor countries today. Ivan Illich and other proponents of deschooling and of a Tolstoyan nostalgia for rural life are right when they warn developing nations not to adopt educational institutions that are ill-suited to the needs of a majority of their people. And yet our countercultural assaults on schools and reading have a shallow and elitist ring; there is something unedifying about the spectacle of the jaded and overeducated rich preaching deschooling to poor nations hungry for education. Representatives from poor countries at the Harvard conference noted that literacy and numeracy are coming to be reckoned as fundamental human rights, and although warnings about an over-elaborated educational edifice are well taken, the problem remains: how to equip students in developing nations with practical, functional skills such as the ability to read a newspaper, political pamphlet or tractor repair manual.

In economically advanced societies, the tests of 14-

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year-olds showed Japan, Hungary and Australia first, second and third in science. (The pitfalls of cross-cultural research were revealed when a Japanese gentleman politely pointed out that the IEA survey overlooked the fact that Japanese secondary school students attend school six days a week; after momentary consternation, it was decided that this probably did not alter the results significantly.) In reading comprehension for 14-year-olds, New Zealand and Italy were first and second, with the United States, Finland, French Belgium and Scotland all tied for third. (Some innovation-happy Americans were startled when a man from New Zealand suggested that one reason for his nation's high reading scores was the lack of abrupt changes of content and direction in New Zealand reading programs.) The United States ranked fifth in science; in literature its 14-year-olds scored second.

Now, achievement tests are a limited art form. Each culture has distinct educational aims; all cultures want much more for their children than a narrow range of skills that can be measured by achievement tests. Mass cross-cultural survey data probably should be taken with a pinch of salt. For one thing, the tests ignore important differences within each nation's educational system—most notably the proportion of students at a given age who remain in school to be tested. (The tests were given to 10-year-olds, 14-year-olds and students in the last year of secondary school.) Also some observers accuse the tests of a Western bias, and it is true that students in poor nations are not as test-wise as the examination-ridden children of affluent societies. Few children in developing nations have ever even had the dubious pleasure of facing a multiple choice test on which the IEA surveys largely rely.

One illustration of why simple comparisons of test scores in a "cognitive Olympics" don't mean much arises from considering the US position in the science survey. Those who remember educational debates in this country in the '50s will recall that Admiral Hyman Rickover and others used to argue that the highly selective, elitist science education in European secondary schools was far superior to the science education of American students in our more or less comprehensive high schools. Now it turns out that the admiral and other critics were wrong. More students in secondary schools does not mean worse, although the results look wretched enough at first glance: the mean science scores of American students are lower than those for any other developed nation. However it makes no sense to compare the performance of average high school graduates in comprehensive secondary school systems like America and Japan with the selected students who sit for *baccalauréat* in France, because the American and Japanese students constitute a majority, whereas the French students are a minority. If instead of comparing all science students you instead look at the performance of the best, the highest-scoring one, five and nine percent, you discover that they score about the same as their top European counterparts. Thus in the United States, which graduates over 70 percent of its students from high school, the scores of top science students come close to those of the best students in selective European educational systems graduating fewer than 20 percent of their students. The IEA data suggest that the performance of more able students is not hurt when masses of students are given access to comprehensive schooling. Traditionally those who argue for elite systems measure the quality of the surviving few; those who favor more comprehensive education focus on the quality of education given to all. Within the sharp limits of the conventional terms of achievement tests, the IEA scores are mildly reassuring on the first point for American educators, who, if they are candid, will confess that they have not squarely faced the second.

COMING: Tad Szulc reports on the US failure to heed intelligence predictions of war in the Mideast

One other aspect of the science study is of interest: the clear advantage of boys in science across the board and across the world. Boys everywhere are more interested in science and do better on the tests. The gap widens as students grow older. Differences are most marked in physics and slightest in biology. The IEA science report hints here and there at innate sexual differences, but most of the scholars at the Harvard conference preferred the simpler hypothesis of sexual bias. (In reading comprehension and literature, girls did better than boys.) What has now been documented on an international scale is the degree to which much of science learning is a male preserve.

Because of the political situation within their own country, Americans at the conference were particularly concerned about the public response to this sort of research. One point that keeps getting blurred in American debates is that the research that has been done does not show that schools make no difference. What it does show is that by certain crude measures schools are very similar to one another.

We should not confuse discussions of the effects of schooling (about which we know very little) with research on the effects of differences between schools in a roughly uniform educational system.

As matters stand the effects of schools on achievement tests are much alike—though their effects on the

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daily lives of the children who attend them may vary enormously. But matters may not stand still. Schools could change their ways of teaching, or—more plausibly in the current political climate—budget cuts and declining support for education might create significant differences between the schools that are adequately supported and those that are starved. The authors of *Inequality* speculated that if schools were shut down—or, presumably, if schools for the poor were to deteriorate markedly—what they call the "cognitive gap" between rich and poor and black and white would be far greater than it is now.

All the school research so far leaves unexplained a great deal of the variation in students' test scores. You may call whatever explains the leftover variation "social character," "as yet unmeasured characteristics of students, teachers and schools," "luck," or perhaps even "love," as Lewis Carroll's Duchess might put it. Whatever you call it, it is a mystery to the researchers. Complex methodological issues lurk like carp beneath most statements about schools. Critics of the IEA surveys argue that the methods used inflate home effects and minimize school effects, a criticism that the economist Samuel Bowles and others have made of the Coleman report and similar research. There was repeated questioning at the Harvard conference whether mass surveys of schooling have not reached the limits of their usefulness, and persistent complaints that particular research paradigms are too limited, covering over fundamental uncertainties with a misleading layer of numerical precision. Some educators argued that the IEA surveys' reliance on standardized achievement tests runs counter to a growing international trend promoting individuality, diversity, active learning and a variety of styles of thinking among students. Educators in many countries are beginning to see education as life-long, not as steps up an achievement ladder. Although the IEA data contained noncognitive items on student attitudes, a number of scholars were also critical of a basic neglect of values. There is certainly a need to look at education from perspectives of people not normally part of the research and policy system: children, teachers, parents, poor people. There was surprising agreement at the conference that the various goals different nations have for their schools are far too broad and complex to be settled by the crudities of mass testing.

This subdued emphasis on complexities—the sense of how little is actually known—is probably the most important thing for the public, policymakers and practitioners to realize. By itself this ignorance constitutes a good argument for further research, research in a variety of modes. Yet many educational practitioners are coming to feel the same way about research as the exasperated student who, after taking yet another IEA test, wrote, "The money for this would have been better spent sending woolens to Africa." But as the process of framing educational policy becomes more self-conscious, the kind of research that is available and how it gets reported is important. The Plowden Report, for example, presented the British public with important quantitative research on the limits of schooling, along with qualitative material on classroom practice and educational philosophy that was of direct benefit to British practitioners. This combination is unheard of in this country, where educational discussions often manage to avoid the problems of practitioners altogether. It would be foolish pragmatism in our present state of basic ignorance to insist that all or even most educational research directly helps children and teachers, but it is not hoping for too much that some of it will, and that some researchers will be willing to spend at least as much time working with teachers and children as Konrad Lorenz spends with his ducklings.

Part of the current animus against social science research on schools is the age-old desire to kill the messenger who brings unwelcome news. To the degree that these sorts of studies check the traditional American faith in the boundless power of schooling to effect fundamental social change, they perform a valuable service. For the dark side of the coin of our utopian faith is the despair that sets in when schools do not do the impossible. In this despairing mood, educators tend to exaggerate the baleful impact of research, forgetting the primacy of the political climate. Much recent American writing on the effects of schooling was intended as a critique of liberal sentimentality about the power of schooling, on the part of scholars who imagined that liberals would continue to dominate educational policy; the research reads strangely in an era when policy is in the hands of conservatives intent on dismantling the social services. It is, however, not the research itself, but the *Zeitgeist* that is mainly responsible for how particular findings get interpreted, emphasized and acted upon. Arthur Jensen is, so to speak, always waiting in the wings, because the debate between conservative hereditarians and liberal environmentalists is perennial. It is only a political climate of despair and retreat from social commitment that puts the spotlight on him.

Meanwhile in its endless concern for its schools, the American public might keep in mind two points made by one participant trying to sum up the IEA findings and other similar research. Home background is the best predictor of children's achievement scores, and yet the older students in school do successively better on the tests than the younger ones. The first point suggests the limits on the differences schools make; the second indicates that they may make a measurable difference on achievement test scores, as well as in more important, less readily measurable realms. Knee-deep in computer printout, and profoundly divided on many of the research issues, the scholars are still far from having resolved this key ambiguity.

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Stanley Kauffmann on theater

Three Cities

New Haven. D. H. Lawrence, as many of us have forgotten, wrote eight plays. One of them, *The Widowing of Mrs. Holroyd* (1914), is getting its American premiere at the Long Wharf here. Arvin Brown, the head of this resident theater and the director of this play, has seemed to specialize in British imports, some of which (like David Storey's plays) have been produced well. His decision to do Lawrence was highly sensible, but it is produced poorly.

The relation of this play to *Sons and Lovers*, published the year before, is obvious. Mrs. Holroyd is a miner's wife, 37, with two young children and a brute of a drinking, philandering husband who blames his broilings on her coldness. Another man, an electrician in the mine, loves her and wants to take her away. After a fling in which Holroyd insultingly brings home two girls, Mrs. Holroyd agrees to leave with the electrician at weekend. The next day Holroyd is killed in the mine. The play ends with two Mrs. Holroyds, the widow and the dead man's old mother, washing the body on the kitchen table, preparing it for burial. The future of the widow with the electrician is uncertain because of her guilt feelings.

The texture of the play is thin, and the dramatic line veers from the intimate and sexual to the folk-tragic in a factitiously significant way. But *Mrs. Holroyd* has fascinating aspects. First, though the play is unsatisfactory, it's the sort of unsatisfactory play that only a genius could write. The dialogue has real Laurentian graininess and pith. (Bernard Shaw raved about it.) Second, it shows that, as Lawrence was Britain's first significant working-class novelist, so he was also the first significant working-class dramatist. (At least, after the Wakefield Master, who wrote *The Second Shepherd's Play c.* 1475.) Third, the play comes from the same sources as *Sons and Lovers*, particularly the relations between Lawrence's father and mother; and it's extraordinary to see a play written by a man about his mother's sexual drama, whether he was building on knowledge or on fantasy.

This Oedipal note is underscored—deliberately, I assume—by the make-up of Frank Converse, who plays the electrician. With full moustache but no beard, he strongly suggests the photographs of the young Lawrence. Converse gives an appealing, reticent, sustained performance. And there's a good performance of the older Mrs. Holroyd by Geraldine Fitzgerald, who sounds more Irish than Nottinghamshire but who cuts the hard rock of proletarian mourning and acceptance of her son's death.

Joyce Ebert is Mrs. Holroyd and is unredeemedly bad from start to finish. She is a stoutly corseted young matron whom I have seen in other leading roles at this theater and who, to put it mildly, ought never to try roles that require sex appeal. Ebert's work in general seems based on a study not of life but of acting. In her voice you hear Ebert's theatergoing memories, not Mrs. Holroyd's experience; you see her memory of theatrical gesture even in the little flourish with which this supposedly proletarian woman puts a pair of stockings in a basket. Credibility, that minimum requirement of acting, is not Ebert's strong suit.

Rex Robbins, as her husband, merely shouts from beginning to end. The casting and the conduct of these two key roles were, of course, Arvin Brown's responsibility, who otherwise directed competently. But I kept wishing for the chance to "meet" this play through the acting of, say, Wendy Hiller and Trevor Howard, who played the analogous roles in the film of *Sons and Lovers*.

As is usual at the Long Wharf, the setting and the lighting (by David Jenkins and Ronald Wallace) were exceptionally good.

San Francisco. The American Conservatory Theater, one of the leading resident theaters in the US, is presenting a new production of *The Taming of the Shrew* directed by the head of the theater, William Ball, at the Geary. Here, too, the outstanding success is the physical production. The single set by Ralph Funicello—well lighted by F. Mitchell Dana—has a sharply raked stage with a scaffolding above it which gives the effect of an improvised theater in a public square, with space at both sides for "townsfolk" to watch the play. The costumes by Robert Fletcher are exquisite. Almost all are in the same shade of buff, which changes in the varying lights. Distinctions between characters are made in the cut and in the way that touches of red are used—in belts or buttons or slashes or leggings. Although I can't quite understand why the "actors" and the "townsfolk" watching them are dressed in the same color (and although I felt sorry for those poor extras who had to sit motionless at the sides for hours), the effect is ingenious and lovely.

For all the rest, one overriding reservation. If a director doesn't really want to do *The Shrew*, this is a pretty good way to not do it. Ball has opted for the fast and physical, with the text as a trampoline for antics. Some of the minor characters are handled as *commedia dell'arte* types, others are treated more or less as Shakespeare's characters; all are rammed into a brisk wrestling match in which the text goes down under Ball's cleverness. I doubt that *The Shrew* is anyone's favorite Shakespeare, and physical farce is surely part of its process; still it *was* written, and written pretty well, and even its best scenes, like the first meeting of Katherine and Petruchio, are handled here solely as opportunities for leaping, catching, swinging around poles—quasi-judo and quasi-Tarzan displays in which the audience is meant to gasp at the acrobatic precision and the risk of injury more than anything else. (The two leads, Marc Singer and Fredi Olster, come off breathless but unbruised.) The result of all this is that when the show reaches the one uncircumventable moment of *text*—Katherine's last speech of contrition—it seems to come from a different

(continued on page 33)

Films Worth Seeing

Charley Varrick. The best crime thriller since *The French Connection*, with Walter Matthau as a "middle-class" bank bandit.

I. F. Stone's Weekly. Jerry Bruck's fine documentary about a fine political journalist, especially cheering in these gummy times.

The Long Goodbye. Elliott Gould as a spoof-serious private eye, out of Raymond Chandler via Robert Altman's wit.

The New Land. Jan Troell, Liv Ullmann and Max von Sydow complete the Swedish-American epic they began with *The Emigrants*. Bravo.

SK

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Quintessential Cold Warrior

The Devil and John Foster Dulles
by Townsend Hoopes

(Atlantic-Little, Brown; $15)

Mr. Hoopes' name came to my attention with the publication in 1969 of *The Limits of Intervention*, an exciting report on the White House crisis of 1968 resulting from the Tet offensive in February of that year, a saga of the struggle of Clark Clifford, the newly appointed secretary of Defense, together with a small group of other ex-hawks, to turn around the stubborn and beleaguered President Johnson on the matter of the Vietnam war. Hoopes brought to his task one great advantage and two outstanding gifts. His advantage was a relatively lofty position in that administration for observing what was going on. The gifts were, first, a remarkable perception for the character of men and the significance of events, and second, a vivid and graceful writing style.

To the present book he could bring the same gifts but not a comparable advantage. There is nothing in the brief account of his career on the dust jacket, or in the narrative itself, to suggest that he knew well, if at all, the late secretary of State. However what Hoopes reveals in the place of such an advantage is a third gift, that of genuine scholarship in the service of the art of the political biographer. Where the previous book was a superb piece of reporting, this is an equally admirable piece of scholarship—which is worth stressing because the author seems to bear none of the external trappings of the certified scholar. He spent two years among the Dulles papers, he interviewed many persons who knew Dulles intimately, and he has made the most of his opportunities.

The layman might wonder whether Dulles, who was not personally attractive and whose tenure in office could hardly be called a glorious success, is worth all this attention. The answer lies partly in the continuity and dramatic quality afforded by watching important events in the history of the Cold War through the observation, thoughts and responses of a major participant—one, indeed, who bears great responsibility for continuing that war at high intensity past the death of Stalin and for setting the United States on a path that ultimately led to Vietnam. It lies partly also—though this can hardly have been Hoopes' intention—in the mighty refutation it gives to a thesis that happens to be extraordinarily prominent today among political scientists. Associated with names like Richard Neustadt, Richard Barnet, Graham Allison and more recently Morton Halperin, Leslie Gelb and Daniel Ellsberg, this thesis attributes to the bureaucracies rather than to the political leaders the ultimate control not merely of the lesser decisions of our time but of the great ones as well. Carried to its more extravagant extremes, as it has been by some of the persons mentioned above and by others, this doctrine goes so far as to deny the importance of the nature and character of the person at or near the top. In Allison's and Halperin's interpretations of the Cuban missile crisis of 1962, for example, the decisions made by President Kennedy were by and large foreordained because the options presented to him had already been circumscribed by the relevant bureaucracies and by the information they fed him.

Laymen may consider such a view too preposterous to be entertained by serious people and it certainly requires special selectivity with the evidence, but esoteric dogmas are by definition the offspring of particularized learning. Hoopes probably has not heard of this doctrine, and he is the more fortunate for it, for he does not set himself to prove anything but lets his narrative speak for itself. It speaks of an extremely strong-willed secretary of State who, in most affairs given his head by the President he served, proceeded to set his markedly personal stamp prominently upon the foreign policy of the United States. As for the department which was supposed to serve him, he mostly ignored it and let it be ravaged by Senator Joe McCarthy and by the comparably reactionary though more simple-minded Scott McLeod, an administrative assistant for personnel. Rather than being dominated by his bureaucracy, Dulles routed it, and the injuries he permitted to be inflicted upon its professional leadership and thus upon its morale have left scars that have not yet healed (Kissinger may indeed be continuing the process through a conspicuous nonuse of the department's personnel resources).

Though one feels that the kind of person that Hoopes is can have only distaste for the kind of person that Dulles was, the book is remarkably free of the gestures and postures that usually proceed from active distaste. Hoopes has the wit to be delightfully sarcastic if he should so choose, but he seems to have made a deliberate choice against such entertainment. It is a choice that deserves much credit. The book, in short, is as objective as one could expect or even wish from an author blessed not only with a keen mind and the requisite knowledge but obviously also a taste for excellence and refinement in human character.

The Dulles he portrays is no villain and certainly not stupid. He has also what every successful occupant of a high post in our government must have inevitably—an intense dedication to his job and to realizing what appears to him to be its appropriate objectives and thus the objectives of the state. But the Dulles here is also one who is ridden by an overweening ambition for himself, first to gain that special high office that he has coveted from a remarkably early age, and then, when it astonishingly comes to him at the age of 65, to preserve himself in it. To that end he will sacrifice just about anything, including the careers and good names of other men. He is also to a stifling degree self-righteous (the chief contender of the Devil named with him in the book's title). He displays the constant concomitant of self-righteousness: a near total lack of empathy for those whose aims and thoughts differ from and perhaps conflict with his. Without originality, he rides furiously the popular clichés of his time ("peaceful change" in the period before World War II; anti-communism and European union afterward). He is primarily the tactician rather than the strategist, and for the same reason that the senior military officer is usually preoccupied with tactics rather than strategy—because he erroneously assumes the means and ends of strategy to be easily discovered in conventional wisdom.

One of the more interesting themes of the book concerns the relationship between Dulles and Eisenhower, the President who chose him reluctantly and was at first bored by him but who soon

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came to respect and to repose great confidence in him. It is not clear what caused this change in attitude. Dulles certainly cultivated the President's favor, but that would not in itself account for his success in achieving it. Perhaps the somewhat lazy President was all too well aware of his own inadequacies and impressed with the enormous dedication as well as the knowledge of his secretary of State. Yet at critical points he overruled him, and when he did so it was always with greater wisdom, as when he decided against intervening in favor of the French at Dien Bien Phu.

One cannot call it a flaw in a book that the author fails to do something that is beyond his source material. Still one has to register that the Dulles in this book does not really come alive. There are pages devoted to his childhood and early youth, to his relations with his parents and siblings as well as to the grandfather and the uncle who became each in his time a secretary of State. But these pages give us no hint of what gave him such driving ambition and what made him so fiercely partisan and so ruthless in his partisanship, so terribly self-righteous. However Hoopes, though psychologically sensitive, has no pretentions to being a psychoanalyst, and does not have the material for the appropriate speculation. Still it is a dimension missing. On the other hand it is important to remember that the focus throughout the book is more on the events in which Dulles was involved than on the man himself.

What we have, therefore, is a brilliant book, marvelously readable, insightful and enlightening. It reviews events not long past but much worth the effort of recalling. It offers a key to the meaning of the Cold War by reviewing the career of the most quintessential cold warrior of them all.

Bernard Brodie

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Impeached King

Cromwell: Lord Protector by Antonia Fraser

(Knopf; $12.50)

Cromwell: a Profile edited by Ivan Roots

(Hill & Wang; $8.95)

Cromwell introduced republicanism to the Western world by impeaching and executing Charles I. Cromwell's argument was *salus populi suprema lex,* the people's well-being is the supreme law. For Cromwell and his officers the King had broken his contract with the British people. The King, in retort, claimed executive privilege, then called divine right. The King could not commit treason because treason could only be committed against the King. Moreover how could the King be subject to the King's justice?

There were those who wanted to "spare the king" but set things right with public opinion by executing some lesser lights in his administration. Juster men said offenses became magnified when committed by the King himself: Charles therefore deserved to die more than anyone. Cromwell's own position varied. At the time of the discovery of Charles' concealed "saddle letter," an Anderson paper of its day, Cromwell became self-righteously anti-King. Then his view moderated: later again, he became an inspired prosecutor.

At issue, basically, was the question of whether it was treason for the King to wage war on the elected legislature. Clearly this was unauthorized war against those who had the people's mandate. Charles was also accused of introducing "arbitrary and tyrannous government." The Lords, with their right-wing view, suggested a compromise that unwittingly contradicted the royal executive privilege that they defended: they suggested that any *future* war waged by the King on the Parliament would be treasonal. In the end Commons became both judge and jury, insisting that if a chief of state could not be impeached for such high crimes as Charles', for what *could* he be impeached?

There were semi-precedents of sorts; but as usual in conflicts like this, they did not quite fit. Richard II had been deposed. Edward II had abdicated. Mary Queen of Scots had been beheaded, but not by popular will, only by her neurotic "cousin" Elizabeth. Resign? This was rejected. Abdication would not be enough for this would enable Charles to choose his son as successor.

It was the Renaissance age, but Britain was still essentially medieval. Scotland resembled 19th-century Ethiopia. Ireland was more tribal and savage still and, as Lady Fraser, a Catholic herself, points out, this helps explain Cromwell's toleration of anti-Papist cruelties by his forces there. The campaign strategy of the King's party was almost exclusively based on reviving Britain's numerous tribal squabbles.

It was one of Cromwell's achievements that he defeated these forces of political darkness. "It is at least possible to claim," Antonia Fraser writes, "that Cromwell was the greatest Englishman" —a rare achievement for a Welshman. Certainly his European contemporaries, of whom the best known was Louis XIV, seem political small beer in comparison to the Lord Protector.

Cromwell told his portraitist Lilly, in a phrase that has become a part of the idiom, to paint him "warts and all." Lady Fraser has done the Protector equal justice. She shows him as a quietistic *dévot,* in an age when Britain had no choice except between Catholicism and Puritanism. He was a usually gentle fellow who could coldly say: "Let peace be sought through war." He tolerated the return of the Jews, barred from Britain since 1290; and France's envoy, Bordeaux, an observant chronicler of the era, says the Catholics "fared better under the Protectorate than under any previous government." Although Cromwell's movement was against Catholicism and Anglicanism (high-church pre-Protestantism) it was even more opposed to the purist communism of the Levellers.

Cromwell, as one might guess from his florid features and yam-sized nose, had been a rake in youth. Like Victoria more successfully later, he reacted against the sexual promiscuity for which Britain was famous. In power, however, he soon gave up the war on license. His passion was politics; had the Remonstrance to the King not gone forward, he had intended emigrating to America. But the challenge went out, and Cromwell stayed to become, like Charles de Gaulle in more recent times the pit in Europe's appendix. Had his success endured, other Britons might

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not have gone to America either. Britain would have remained republican and low Protestant, and America might well have been left to the Spanish and French—from Cape Horn to Hudson's Bay.

After the Protector the British monarchy never quite recovered. The Stuart restoration was an unredeemed disaster. Then, because of the swift collapse of the republic after Cromwell, the British lacked the courage shown by the frustrated French a few decades later and turned purposely instead to royal mediocrity, to a throne with moronic cyphers, while Parliament went about its business. The throne became a constitutional convenience. After the Stuarts only Victoria was romantically allowed for a while to dabble a little in politics. Male monarchs have all been figures of fun. This emasculation of the throne was Cromwell's more than Pitt's achievement. Today a figure of Cromwell's stature would probably use the throne to abolish the Lords, then quietly abolish the throne itself by statute.

This highly competent book has a few faults. Although better at her craft than most academic historians, Lady Fraser lacks the self-confidence of an Alan Moorehead. She proves her points with unnecessary detail (the book is 350,000 words in length) and also self-consciously tells us little of the setting, as though all her readers already knew the period. She also assumes that everybody knows why Parliament revolted. She does not explain the reasons for the hatred of the monarchy and the Catholic Church—nor conversely for the London mob's loyalty to the King, who would have scored over 50 percent in a Gallup Poll up to his death.

Lady Fraser's phraseology can be oddly affected. People become "denizens," and when she notes that "Goring's . . . horse scattered" she means his horsemen. But by and large this is an exceptional book about an exceptional man. Because history is written by winners, Cromwell gets short shrift in the histories that British children read at school. But a man who loved God and hated church choirs could not be all bad. Like George McGovern, of whom he was in many ways a late-medieval forerunner politically, he had high morals and a short fuse; he saw himself as a providential figure, and his posthumous undoing—as Theodore Roosevelt noted in his own life of the Protector—was the fault of the unimaginativeness of the middle class. His politics could waver opportunistically between radicalism and moderation. But he was sincere, and he left the world more politically enlightened than he found it.

Cromwell: a Profile is a collection of essays by scholars of 17th-century Europe. Particularly stimulating are "Providence and Oliver Cromwell" by the Master of Balliol, Christopher Hill, which links Cromwell's whole career to the doctrine of predestination, and D. H. Pennington's "Cromwell and the Historians." This illustrates superbly well how Cromwell split his academic commentators down the middle, and how needed was a balanced book like Antonia Fraser's.

Russell Warren Howe

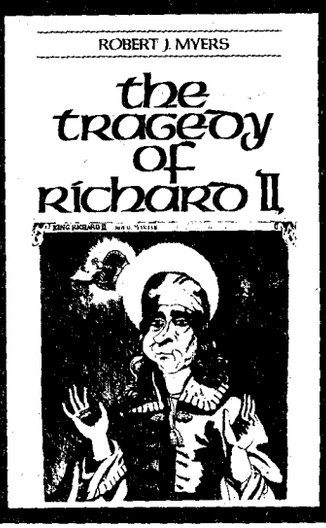
Old Tidings

Nickel Mountain by John Gardner

(Knopf; $6.95)

Like *The Sunlight Dialogues* before it, *Nickel Mountain* returns to upstate New York. This time, however, Gardner leaves his Batavia beside the thruway for the sake of pastoral people at a highway stop-off to nowhere. If *The Sunlight Dialogues* was masterful in its paced switches from cops to robbers, philosophers to magicians, bureaucrats to babblers, and if Gardner was proud to charm his snakey topic with every riff he knew, *Nickel Mountain* is very different. Until the key scene in the new novel, Gardner modestly hides those riffs by giving character a stolid life of its own, and meaning an unchaperoned vulnerability. Indeed *Nickel Mountain* has a fine absence of artificiality—until the moment of truth. But then! Then, along comes John, huffing, puffing, crumbling cookies, moving the very heavens, all to push his novel where he wants it, fashionably, to be. In short *Nickel Mountain* shows the wear of a 20-year composition span. Gardner began it, according to rumor, years ago when the novel used to bring one kind of news, and he's finished it now when fiction bears very different tidings.

Sex, birth and death all have their places in this novel, along with dignity,



An outrageous fabrication of the War of the Rose Garden. My attorneys, along with those of Mr. Shakespeare, will see you in court.

—Victor Gold, *Former Press Secretary to Vice President Agnew*

Something had to come out of Watergate that I could enjoy and "The Tragedy of Richard II" is it."

—John Osborne, *Noted Nixon Watcher*

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freedom and love. In its early part the novel grows around such issues through the heavy figure of Henry Soames, a diner owner in western New York who has spent his 40-plus years listening chiefly to the whine and grind of the semitrailers passing his stop-off. Yet while the world doesn't stop for Henry Soames, trouble does. And Soames absorbs it all: he marries his pregnant countergirl, gives a home to a mad Jehovah's Witness, takes to heart the hardships of the area's farmers, and grotesquely eats himself into the shape of the mountain behind his place.

In Gardner-land innocents die smashing into snowplows, a corn-binder swallows a man's arm, things and people are as forever mismatched as a Baptist-hating drunk wedded to a pious Baptist, fear accompanies the common entry to one's own home, a college boy abandons his pregnant girl to a man twice her age, and people sense that whatever is important is unspeakable. These conditions of life reduce even the surprises of sex, birth and death to a series of trivializing accidents. Therefore because all events are random, dignity is left to no one. Soames recoils from this meaninglessness mostly by becoming an obese and inarticulate impediment to the chanciness around him. In short there is in the first part of the novel none of the traditional help supposedly native to the pastoral life. Instead as one character says, the point is "'to have the nerve to ride it down.'"

If the novel ended there it would be merely an upstate downer or a warmed-up dish of country leftovers. Having the nerve to ride horror down is what modern fiction after Conrad, and pastoral literature after Hardy and Frost, have been urging. Gardner's position is that riding it down will not do, but it is not at all clear just what will. That is, in a chapter titled "Nimrod's Tower" (Nimrod founded Babel), Soames encounters the marvelously Babylonian "Goat Lady"; she is a woman traveling across the land in a goat cart, dressed in rags, delighting in ice cream, trusting everyone with her babble, and looking for her strayed son. The lesson she brings to the novel is that freedom is not the courage to ride life down, but "to abandon all shame, all dignity, real or imagined."

When Soames understands that, he crumbles the cookie in his hand, begins to get his weight down, and goes to sleep while summer rains ease the long drought of the region's farmers. In the aftermath Soames' wife asks, "'What *did* happen?'" Soames doesn't know, nor can anyone. It is all a sort of pathetic fallacy—those rains falling on the wasted land, those heavens behaving according to both the changing moods of a diner owner and the altered needs of a fast-stepping author—and the impact is pathetic for this novel. Having decided that urging despair upon readers was as outmoded as modernism, and having substituted a chic version of postmodern shamelessness and dignity-is-bunk so powerful that it turns fat men thin and dry fields fertile, what happens? Soames and Mrs. Soames live happily not at the diner but behind a new restaurant, The Maples. They are at peace with themselves, with death, with change and with their child, whose previous epilepsy Gardner no longer mentions. They prosper, because they have dared to be ridiculous.

Gardner believes novels should elucidate character, and he is trying to practice his belief by incorporating pieces of what one might call the anti-novel. Where many of his most talented peers —Pynchon, Barth, Mailer, Burroughs— have welcomed the erosion of character and exploited the new forms this erosion allows, Gardner has tried to shore up coherence. E. M. Forster best championed this position in his famous lectures (published as *Aspects of the Novel* in 1927): character "is real," he said, "when the novelist knows everything about it." Gardner's and Forster's school "give[s] us the feeling that though the character has not been explained, it is explicable." Anti-novelists would disagree with that statement, would consider it complacent in a world that demonstrates the impossibility of stability, the necessity of unreason, and experience's ultimate mystery. Perhaps it is no longer possible to achieve a plausibly coherent or explicable character. Perhaps the conviction, the assumptions, the faith for that effort are now so radically debilitated that no one will ever do it again—but that's of course unlikely. What we have in Gardner is a fundamentally conservative author who has tried to appropriate certain impulses from beyond his pale without integrating them, and who has, thereby, cheapened his conservativism and spoiled his novel. If the argument between the two sorts of novel that presently exist in contemporary fiction is as important as I believe it is, we need a passionate challenge to the runaway energies of erosion—neither to turn erosion back nor to quicken it, but to sharpen and clarify its important directions. *Nickel Mountain* is disappointing in itself because Gardner has seemed to promise a necessary antithesis that he has not yet delivered.

W. T. Lhamon, Jr.

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soulless modernism, an attack on anarchy as ultimately self-destructive, an exposé of the bankruptcy of inhumane scholarship, a study of failure, a treatise on the imperfectibility of art, a probe of the symbiotic relation between the analytic and the poetic, an anatomy of an artist's madness, a diagram of a marriage of inimical opposites—spirit and intellect, revolutionist and reactionary, Communist east and capitalist west, and a cautionary tale of the impotence of life stripped of sweetness. The book is none of these above. Neither is it a gothic horror tale that can stand independently of them, though it sometimes seems that. The metaphors are too frequently and obviously intrusive for any conventional story to survive. The book is a jungle of meaning, the opposite of simplistic allegory, and a major achievement because of this.

Set in rural Austria, its central figures are Konrad (no other name), and Mrs. Konrad, his wife, no first name; her maiden name was Zryd. Konrad means bold or wise counselor, an irony, for his boldness and wisdom are revealed as negative examples of how to live and work. I don't know what Zryd means.

Konrad has long since rejected his know-nothing capitalist family and its fortune and chosen a life of the mind. He turned autodidact and fixed on a book, *The Sense Of Hearing*, as his life work. After much haggling with a nephew who controlled them, Konrad finally buys the defunct lime works, which has been in his family for centuries, and moves in. Designed as a lordly manor, with every architectural detail "the result of a thousand years of calculations," the lime works are immense, with a vast number of subcellars, every decade seeing a new addition, "a superstructure tacked on, some part of it torn down."

Each description of the place adds to its strangeness. Visitors approach it, then run from it. Its grillwork represents two centuries of bad taste. It is surrounded by ornamental shrubbery which Konrad removes as he installs new and heavier bars and locks. It stands as a citadel of privacy, of spartan commitment, a prison, a dungeon of solitude few men could endure. It is hidden, accessible only from the east. It has been the scene of numerous murders.

As the novel begins Konrad is still writing his book, as he has been for two decades. He has nothing to show but notes and false starts, for he is neurotically waiting for his distractions to end and the gush of final inspiration to be-

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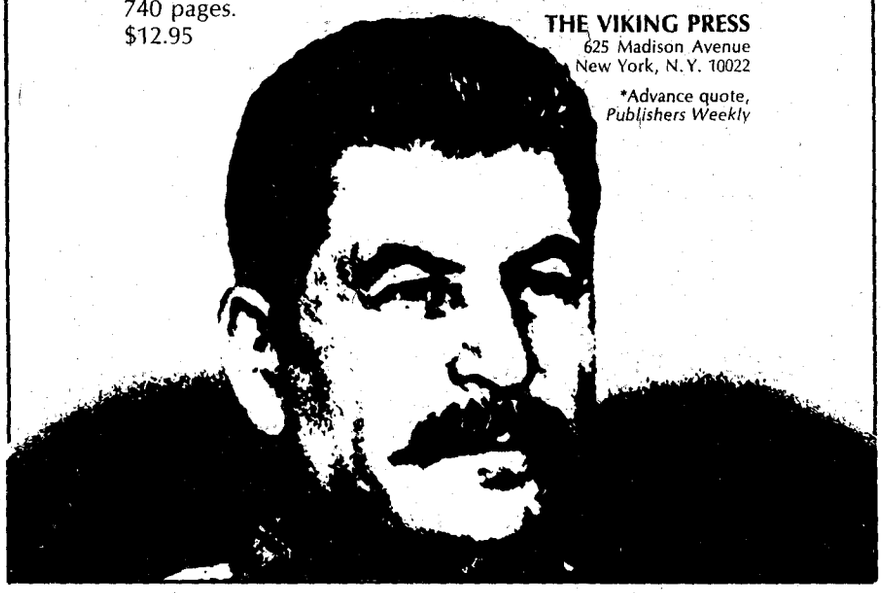
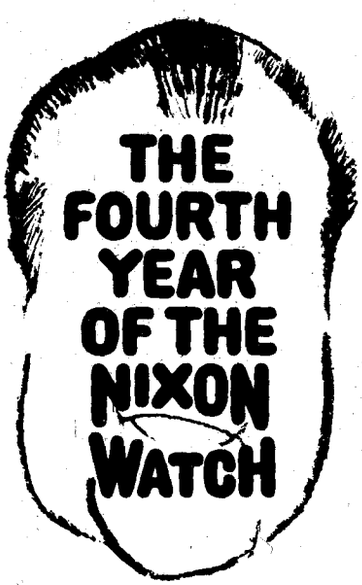


JOHN OSBORNE

"One of the most informative, fair-minded, fact-laden narratives of the administration," the *Washington Post* has said of John Osborne's *Nixon Watch* columns in *The New Republic.*



Osborne's wry, sagacious, and always judicious reporting has won him the admiration of his journalistic peers. "The most perceptive account we have," says *Newsweek.*

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gin. He has the entire book in his head and believes premature shaping through words will destroy it.

He has also just blown the head off his crippled wife with the Mannlicher carbine she kept strapped to her wheelchair. (The killing was done Christmas eve. Konrad dragged the corpse through several rooms while planning to throw it out a window into the lake, but finally dragged it back to her bedroom and propped it up in the wheelchair. He then hid himself in a pit where police find him, his shoes "bloated with liquid manure.")

The novel then becomes the oblique revelation of how and why Konrad and wife came to the lime works, how they lived there, why she died, what Konrad told several of the townsfolk. The story is a free-associated mass of hearsay, told by an unidentified life-insurance salesman who keeps quoting people he calls Fro, Wieser, the public works inspector and others. He often qualifies the sources of his story with comments such as "Konrad is supposed to have said," and so there is doubt as to the accuracy of everything.

Bernhard deliberately keeps us emotionally distant from Konrad and willfully avoids traditional narrative style. The reader must endure Konrad-like distractions and suffer Konrad-like boredom, along with confronting Konrad's long, sometimes brilliant, sometimes mad disquisitions on the masses, the individual, truth, violence, food, sounds, music, death and on—in order to get at Konrad's deceptive character and the story behind the murder.

At first Konrad seems a despotic monster: "He recited to [his wife] a series of sentences with the short *i* sound, such as 'In the Inn district it is still dim,' a hundred times slowly, then a hundred times rapidly and finally about two hundred times as fast as possible in a choppy manner. When he was done he demanded an immediate description of the effect his spoken sentences had on her ear and her brain."

He does this exercise regularly, sometimes for seven hours, giving his wife chronic earache, driving her into apathy. He makes notes on her responses but destroys the notes so no one can deduce his method.

His wife is equally batty. She sends him down every five minutes from her second floor room to the cellar for a glass of cider, but insists he bring only one glass at a time, never a jugful that might save him a few trips. She also has been knitting him mittens for years, but unravels them as soon as she finishes them. Konrad loathes mittens and she knows it. But on she knits.

The wife, who is Konrad's half-sister and was once a great beauty, is the embodiment of moribund romanticism in the austere modern age, the aristocracy left over after the revolution. She longs for the elegant life she had with her family in the town of Tolbach. Konrad loathes Tolbach. She yearns for the poetry of Novalis, the 19th-century German romanticist, but Konrad force-feeds her the politics of Kropotkin, the Russian anarchist, who is his hero.

The two have traveled the world together, accumulating thousands of heirlooms and treasures, which have all (icons too: goodbye religion) been sold for survival money. But Konrad can't bring himself to sell his wife's maternal grandmother's sugar bowl (receptacle of the sweet life, long gone) nor can he part with the Francis Bacon painting, for Bacon is another of his models.

"One had to be more than a mere medical man or a mere philosopher," Konrad says elsewhere, coveting Baconian diversity. "To do this [his own book] it was absolutely necessary to be a mathematician and a physicist as well, that is to say, one should be a master of all natural science, as well as a prophet and a superlative artist." His wife, awash in her anachronistic dilemma, doesn't know whether her husband is a superb artist or a crackpot.

Thomas Bernhard is surely an artist. He is 42, Dutch-born, now Austrian, a poet and recipient of several literary prizes in Europe. His three earlier novels are *Frost*, *Amras* and *Gargoyles*, the latter published here in 1971. *The Lime Works* invites comparison with the run-on novels of Beckett. After page 12, the 241-page book consists of one solid paragraph. One sentence runs 37 printed lines. Yet nothing is impenetrable or even syntactically obtuse, thanks to Sophie Wilkins' always lucid and fluid translation from the German.

The comic element of Konrad's mad commitment is rarely heightened by her, however. The verbal wit, the subtlety and dexterity of language that gives a Beckett paragraph a life all its own, is missing, and so Konrad's behavior can be comic without being very funny. But wishing Bernhard and Miss Wilkins had Beckett's gifts in addition to their own is greedy. What they offer in *The Lime Works* is more than enough for anybody: a Byzantine work of art.

William Kennedy

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Fine Print

Doris Grumbach

No one writing today has stronger literary and personal opinions than Vladimir Nabokov, no one, that is, since the death of that prime literary curmudgeon, Edmund Wilson. Nabokov is so decided in his views and preferences that even rather constant repetition of them makes entertaining reading. McGraw-Hill published last month a highly readable selection of Nabokov's interviews, letters to editors and short articles. Brought together in (what *else* could it have been called?) *Strong Opinions*, the collected "public prose" is better than straight autobiography in many ways, although *Speak Memory*, the memorable account of his early life, is still one of the best autobiographies in 20th-century writing. In *Strong Opinions* one comes upon a literary figure who has no concern whatever for what anyone thinks, who is entirely sure of his place in literary history, who has, indeed, so outstripped his critics in his own mind and, let us face it, in ours, that everything he says resounds with originality and interest. Of *Dr. Zhivago:* "Yet neither the vulgarities of the style nor a philosophy that sought refuge in a sickly sweet brand of Christianism could ever transform . . . sympathy into a fellow writer's enthusiasm." And in response to an interviewer's query about whether he considered himself a genius: "The word 'genius' is pushed around rather generously, isn't it? . . . and is used only in the case of a very small number of writers, Shakespeare, Milton, Pushkin, Tolstoy. To such deeply beloved authors as Turgenev and Chekhov Russians assign the thinner term talent, not genius. Genius still means to me, in my Russian fastidiousness and pride of phrase, a unique dazzling gift, the genius of James Joyce, not the talent of Henry James. I am afraid I have lost the thread of my reply to your question. What is your next one please?"

An intriguing new book of *Posters of World War II* by Dennis Judd (St. Martin's Press) is at hand, to accompany the collection of *Public Notices* noticed here a few weeks ago. The purpose of this collection, which is a selection from "a vast stock of material available" between the late '30s and 1945 is to allow you to "compare different national styles (ally and enemy alike) . . . helping to describe and analyze the progress of the war." It will surprise the reader accustomed to massive theoretical texts that explicate "national character traits," "spirit," etc., to see here how illuminating posters can be. There is a 1937 anti-Semitic German one, showing "the eternal Jew" with a knout in one hand, pieces of silver in the other, and a bolshevized Germany under his shylock-arm; an American pop-art drawing of a Steve Canyon siren, century note in hand, urging soldiers to join the Glider Troops (saying: "I can save up to $100 every two months now—Joe's in the Glider Troops."); two pleased-looking Belgian travelers exclaiming happily: *"Nous partons travailler en Allemagne!"* (We are going to work in Germany.) Perhaps the most graphic and beautiful ones are a grim invitation to 18-year-old German youth to join up; the face of the soldier here is haunted, his eyes fixed on a distant fate, and Ben Shahn's memorable warning to American workers (from their French comrades, their arms raised in surrender) that "defeat means slavery, starvation, death." Some of the posters are art, some are arrant, forceful, brutal propaganda, some low (or high?) patriotic appeals, but all are communications from governments, under the heat and pressure of war, to citizens whose instant response they must have. It is a more-than-satisfying, more-than-pictures book of historic posters.

Anchor has an original paperback that deserves the attention of all concerned urban Americans. Joseph T. Howell has written a revealing "monograph" (his word) about two blue-collar families living on the street he did in Washington, DC in 1970-1971. Called *Hard Living on Clay Street*, it is an important contribution to social history and sociology as well as a compassionate, most readable psychological study of the Shackelfords and the Mosebys (and others, like the Dales) who are fighting in a hostile and seemingly oblivious environment for recognition of some kind of life and personal identity, a piece of the illusive American pie. Both families are Southern migrants; Howell kept track of them after his year of residence on their street was over and documents the transient, uncertain, marginal natures of their lives following the study. Never again will you find yourself easily able to put down the people whose hopes and fears, dreams and disappointments, violences and loves, inhabit this book.

The shock and pleasure of recognition and discovery came upon me this week. A publicist-friend, with no personal axe to grind except a genuine devotion to books she likes, told me about the short stories of Susan Hill. She is a 33-year-old English writer whose *The Bird of Night* (a novel that I have not read) was published by Saturday Review Press and whose new novel, *In the Springtime of the Year*, is on that publisher's prospective list. The volume sent to me is *A Bit of Singing and Dancing* (Hamish Hamilton, London) for which there is not as yet an American publisher, although at least one story, the title one, will appear in an American magazine. These are fine, carefully honed stories, about lonely, solitary, deprived and frightened people whose involvement in life is often fragile and peripheral. Hill's dialogue, sparsely used but ringing with authentic tones, is as good as you will find in the short story today, and if her small tales, almost vignettes,

The Dark Angel Travels with Us to Canada and Blesses Our Vacation

The dark clouds went by without
dropping rain that's how it was
the first few weeks even the quarrels

didn't need sex to end them the moon
on the water one evening was a trail
to our house I still don't know

what it means perhaps a dark angel
singled us out for something arcane
like happiness all I know is

the hurricanes the kitchen mishaps
occurred elsewhere and today
two weeks later a quill from a porcupine

was found on our doorstep this is not
unusual in these parts but our dog
barks at whatever is alive and he didn't

bark maybe the wind or something
travelling as the wind brought it
now there's a beach cap floating

like a tombstone in the shallow water
there are jelly fish running out
of breath on the sand and here we are

sipping wine two wonderful strangers
standing in our shoes
you should see your eyes

STEPHEN DUNN

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seem now and then to venture into the sentimental, or the too highly symbolic, they are on the whole good, moving, persuasive.

In 1959 a philosopher named J. Glenn Gray put down his reflections on men in battle. Feeling that he had achieved sufficient distance to his experiences in World War II, he used his journal and letters of those years to jog his memory, and managed to produce a masterpiece, *The Warriors*, a book which faithful readers and their converts have continued to read to this day. Issued again in 1967, and again in 1970, and still in print, *Warriors* (Harper Torchbooks) testifies to the faith of the editors in Gray's simple, stirring prose and the profundity of thought couched in clear terms. They have kept it in print; a year ago it sold 1500 copies, but stubbornly, like some warriors, refuses to die.

Glenn is in no sense an apologist for war. But his views of its values would not have been acceptable to most pacifists a few years ago, during the passion of antiwar activity. Nor for that matter can we expect that strong haters of war will stand still long enough to savor the special quality of these observations. For Glenn is both an iconoclast and a plain speaker. He saw the beauty as well as the ugliness of battle and battle landscapes, he understood "the enduring appeals of battle," he explains the exhilaration of war, the feeling we may have at being "liberated from our individual impotence . . . drunk with the power that union with our fellows brings." He explores the "surge of vitality," the sense of heightened life that soldiers experience in a war, and the relation between war and Eros: "If we were honest most of us who were civilian soldiers in recent wars will confess that we spent incomparably more time in the service of Eros during our military careers than ever before or again in our lives." He discusses "the ache of guilt" that the fighting man feels after deeds of violence, and the paradox that "they are so quickly able to free themselves of responsibility after the event, and frequently while they are performing it." Hannah Arendt, in her admiring 1966 foreword to the Torchbook edition, admits to the urge to quote Gray extensively and says she is stayed only by the wish not to "deprive the reader of his own discoveries and the great pleasure that goes with them." I feel the same. Of whatever political or cultural persuasion, everyone interested in humanity ought to read this.

Correspondence

The President

Sirs:

Though his hand-picked Vice President has confessed to crime and resigned, though former members of his Cabinet have been indicted for activities while in office, though persons at the lower end of the chain of command stretching out from the Oval Office have confessed to burglary, Richard M. Nixon glibly denies that he can be held responsible for the character of his administration unless it can be proved that he personally ordered the criminal acts of his subordinates or was informed, voluntarily and completely, by them.

George Washington took a different view of presidential responsibility. When acts of his administration were criticized he remarked to Thomas Jefferson, "That in condemning the administration of the Government, they condemned him, for if they thought there were measures pursued contrary to his sentiments, they must conceive him too careless to attend to them, or too stupid to understand them." (Jefferson, "Anas," July 10, 1792, in his *Writings*, ed. A. E. Bergh, vol. I, p. 310.)

The underworld view of executive responsibility is that if the D. A. cannot find enough evidence to pin the rap for a particular crime on the boss of the syndicate, then the latter remains a respectable businessman, fully capable of, and entitled to, the running of the operation.

Our first President was the father of his country. Our latest acts like its godfather.

Arthur Bestor
Seattle, Wash.

Sirs:

Alexander Bickel ("Impeachment," *TNR*, Nov. 10, 1973) assumes an unfortunately narrow interpretation of the role of impeachment in the constitutional scheme when he suggests that anything more than "severely limited" grounds for impeachment would wreck the delicate balance of governmental powers. "The upshot," he writes, "would be congressional supremacy and a form of government calling for quite a different constitution."

The Constitution provides for the impeachment of the President not once but twice (Article I, Section 3 and Article II, Section 4). The Constitutional Convention provided for impeachment of the executive by a vote of eight to two, thereby rejecting Charles Pickney's argument, which Professor Bickel seems to reiterate, that it would be a "rod over the Executive and by that means effectually destroy his independence." Indeed, as TRB suggests in the same issue as appears Professor Bickel's article, Congress requires the power of impeachment to protect the republic from abuse of executive power.

This is a far cry from the "congressional supremacy" Professor Bickel fears. To use his phrase, it serves as an ultimate safeguard. But its function is to preserve the delicate balance rather than destroy it. Even Charles Pickney, who opposed impeachment, realized nonetheless the executive propensity to abuse power. Speaking in the Sixth Congress about privilege he said the framers "well know how oppressively the power of undefined privileges had been exercised in Great Britain, and were determined no such authority should ever be exercised here."

Even Professor Bickel concedes that if the President is guilty of several enumerated novel and unprecedented abuses of power he should be impeached. Yet he sanctions other equally serious abuses as political only because they have been committed by his predecessors as well. If the offense is grounds for impeachment, the distinction Professor Bickel draws is too subtle to be countenanced.

Ralph H. Brock
Lubbock, Tex.

Sirs:

Mr. Nixon's latest attacks on Elliot Richardson should make unmistakeably clear what should have been clear before. If he escapes impeachment, if despite his many offenses against our laws, our Constitution and our liberties he is allowed to remain in office, he will not be a chastened, reformed, truthful and trustworthy President. On the contrary he will believe—as he lies his way through the South he seems to believe it already—that if the people and the Congress let him get away with what he has already done, they are giving him a mandate to do even more, indeed to do anything he wants. . . . Our liberties were gravely enough endangered by the mere fact of what Mr.

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Nixon did in secret. But if, now knowing what he did, we do not say, "This must not and shall not happen," then as sure as night follows day, much worse will happen. This may be our last chance to take a stand for law and justice. It is not up to the Gallup polls to do it. It is up to Congress.

John Holt
Boston, Mass.

Newspapers & Unions

Sirs:

As a newspaperman I can sympathize with Ernest Gruening's outrage at the interruption of *The Washington Post* because of a labor dispute ("Striking Newspapers," *TNR*, Nov. 24). But I cannot find justification for his claim that the mechanical unions are largely to blame for the demise of many major newspapers. On the contrary, I would note that quite a few of the departed New York City newspapers that he lists were able to expire without any union pressures. Indeed, autopsies of many big-city dailies indicate that union problems were no more often the cause of death than were the empire-building tactics of certain publishers, the failures of management, and changing habits of readers and advertisers.

Mr. Gruening suggests that the craft unions engage in casual harassment of newspapers because they are indifferent to editorial content and journalistic public service. Perhaps the craft unions have overplayed their hand in some situations; but it must also be noted that these unions and their members are engaged in a real struggle for survival because of the rapid and drastic changes in newspaper technology. Moreover, the craft unions have not been alone in their militance in dealing with rich and powerful publishing organizations. Indeed, the newspaper employees who have been most deeply involved in the editorial product—the editors, writers and photographers—have spearheaded some of the longest, most bitter and most devastating newspaper shutdowns of recent decades.

I write from some experience, since I was chairman of the Newspaper Guild unit that struck and shut down *The Newark Evening News* for six months in 1971. (The paper was closed permanently the following year by Media General, which managed to reap a tidy profit from the disaster by selling the assets for $20 million to Newark's other daily paper.) Two things stand out in my memory as I read Mr. Gruening's piece: first, we were most reluctant to go on strike but we finally realized the publisher would not play fair with his workers unless we invoked our ultimate weapon; second, most of the craft unions were reluctant to support our strike, and some worked feverishly to undercut the editorial union and get the paper back into publication.

The total number of newspapers in the country has remained fairly constant for many years. Newspaper stocks are considered a very good investment, and the corporate financial reports that appear in *Editor & Publisher* indicate steadily rising profit margins. The newspaper industry is, by and large, in excellent health—much more so than the mechanical unions, which have lost many jobs and a number of major battles in recent years. As Heywood Broun once commented, the death of a newspaper is not like the closing of a shoe factory. A newspaper is a quasi-public institution. But it is also a business, and is subject to all the economic pressures that have led to the closing and consolidation of many other businesses through the years. To suggest that the workers are killing newspapers is like suggesting that movie theaters have closed all over the country because the projectionists were paid too much. Even if every employee worked as an unpaid volunteer, some newspapers just wouldn't make it anymore . . . There is no reason why newspaper profits should be subsidized by substandard wages and working conditions. No one knows this better than the people who work for newspapers—whether in the newsroom, the composing room or the pressroom. That is why we sometimes go on strike—often with the most profound regret at the loss of even one edition, yes, but with no apologies to Mr. Gruening or others who can see only one side of a story.

Douglas Eldridge
East Orange, NJ

Sirs:

Whatever Ernest Gruening's qualifications are for writing such a broad-sweeping condemnation of all newspaper mechanical department union workers, his article comes through as the ravings of one who is enraged because he has missed his usual newspaper reading (due to a work stoppage). Basing his wide-ranging conclusions on a personal experience that took place back in 1919, he concludes that the sole reason for daily newspapers going out of business is because of rapacious, soulless union workers, rather than the countless but certain causes that have forced newspaper mergers, sales and closings, reasons only slightly related to the labor costs of producing a daily newspaper. It is no secret that monopoly is the goal of most daily newspaper publishers and this has been fully obtained in all but some 50 major US cities. Knocking out competing newspapers for maximum profit and power is the goal of publishers, *not unions.*

Walter M. Allen
International Allied
Printing Trades Council

Errata

Sirs:

I find it amazing that TRB could make the mistake of placing John Adams at the Constitutional Convention in Philadelphia in 1787 (*TNR*, October 13, 1973). Adams was then acting as our ambassador to Great Britain.

Allan R. Raymond
The Ohio State University

Kauffmann, *from page 22*

play. It sticks out so egregiously, without psychological preparation, that, after its knowingly humble finish, the only way that Ball can "save" the moment is to have Katherine look at the audience over Petruchio's shoulder and give us a broad wink. Bankruptcy.

It's long been clear that Ball treats plays in an appropriative, self-displaying manner, although in some productions the process has been more subtle than here. (See *TNR*, Nov. 1, '69.) He is not a commonplace director, but he is a thaumaturge of the second-rate.

New York. Some 10 years ago four bright young Englishmen came to

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Broadway with an excellent revue called *Beyond the Fringe*. Now two of them, Peter Cook and Dudley Moore, have returned with a two-man revue called *Good Evening* (Plymouth). It *is* a good evening, the best, on or off Broadway, that I have so far seen in a stupefyingly threadbare New York theater season.

Bits of it are vulgar and tasteless. Definition of tastelessness: broad or sexual or irreverent jokes that don't make one laugh. A sketch about a pansy cleaning "woman" and a French *chanson* with a salty English-phrase refrain left me untickled; one seemed a set of cheap fag gags and the other like a provincial stag smoker.

But most of the evening is sharp, intelligent, neat. Moore's plentiful piano interludes are sparklers, especially a mock-Beethoven arrangement of the march from *The Bridge on the River Kwai*. Particularly funny is the interview by a reporter (Moore) of one of the three shepherds (Cook) to whom the angel announced the birth of Jesus. And there's a fine last-minute shot at the end of the closing song: "Ladies and gentlemen, tomorrow night's broadcast of 'To Tell the Truth' will be cancelled for a presidential address."

Cook is tall and smooth and perfectly OK. Moore is short, worried, devilish and superb; and shows himself surprisingly competent in physical comedy—the doddering old pa of a young film star or (a side-splitter) a one-legged man applying for the title role in a forthcoming Tarzan film.

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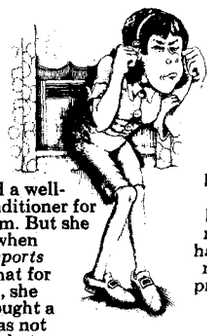

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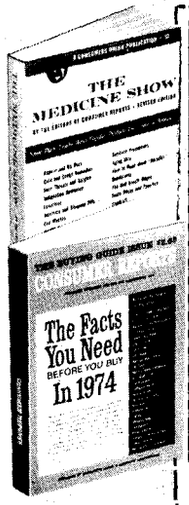

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